THE Country-Wife, A COMEDY,

Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by Mr. *Wycherley.*

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum illepidéve putetur, sed quia nuper:
Nec veniam Antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.
Horat.

LONDON,

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PROLOGUE, ſpoken by Mr. Hart.

Poets like Cudgel'd Bullys, never do
At firſt, or ſecond blow, ſubmit to you;
But will provoke you ſtill, and ne're have done,
Till you are weary firſt, with laying on:
The late ſo baſted Scribler of this day,
Though he ſtands trembling, bids me boldly ſay,
What we, before moſt Playes are us'd to do,
For Poets out of fear, firſt draw on you;
In a fierce Prologue, the ſtill Pit defie,
And e're you ſpeak, like Caſtril, *give the lye;*
But though our Bayſes *Batles oft I've fought,*
And with bruis'd knuckles, their dear Conqueſts bought;
Nay, never yet fear'd Odds upon the Stage,
In Prologue dare not Hector with the Age,
But wou'd take Quarter from your ſaving hands,
Though Bayſe *within all yielding Countermands,*
Says you Confed'rate Wits no Quarter give,
Ther'fore his Play ſhan't ask your leave to live:
Well, let the vain raſh Fop, by huffing ſo,
Think to obtain the better terms of you;
But we the Actors humbly will ſubmit,
Now, and at any time, to a full Pit;
Nay, often we anticipate your rage,
And murder Poets for you, on our Stage:
We ſet no Guards upon our Tyring-Room,
But when with flying Colours, there you come,
We patiently you ſee, give up to you,
Our Poet.s, Virgins, nay our Matrons too.

The

The Persons.

Mr. *Horner*,	Mr. *Hart.*
Mr. *Harcourt*,	Mr. *Kenaston.*
Mr. *Dorilant*,	Mr. *Lydal.*
Mr. *Pinchwife*,	Mr. *Mohun.*
Mr. *Sparkish*,	Mr. *Haynes.*
Sir *Jaspar Fidget*,	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Mrs. *Margery Pinchwife*,	Mrs. *Bowtel.*
Mrs. *Alithea*,	Mrs. *James.*
My Lady *Fidget*,	Mrs. *Knep.*
Mrs. *Dainty Fidget*,	Mrs. *Corbet.*
Mrs. *Squeamish.*	Mrs. *Wyatt.*
Old Lady *Squeamish.*	Mrs. *Rutter.*

Waiters, Servants, *and* Attendants.

A *Boy.*	
A *Quack*,	Mr. *Schotterel.*
Lucy, Alithea's *Maid*,	Mrs. *Cory.*

The SCENE *London.*

THE

Country-Wife.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Horner, *and* Quack *following him at a diſtance.*

Hor. A Quack is as fit for a Pimp, as a Midwife for a Bawd; they are ſtill but in their way, both helpers of Nature.— [*aſide.*] —— Well, my dear Doctor, haſt thou done what I deſired.

Qu. I have undone you for ever with the Women, and reported you throughout the whole Town as bad as an *Eunuch*, with as much trouble as if I had made you one in earneſt.

Hor. But have you told all the Midwives you know, the Orange Wenches at the Playhouſes, the City Husbands, and old Fumbling Keepers of this end of the Town, for they'l be the readieſt to report it.

Qu. I have told all the Chamber-maids, Waiting women, Tyre women, and Old women of my acquaintance; nay, and whiſper'd it as a ſecret to'em, and to the Whiſperers of *Whitehal*; ſo that you need not doubt 'twill ſpread, and you will be as odious to the handſome young Women, as——

Hor. As the ſmall Pox.—— Well——

Qu. And to the married Women of this end of the Town, as——

Hor. As the great ones; nay, as their own Husbands.

Qu. And to the City Dames as Annis-seed *Robin* of filthy and contemptible memory; and they will frighten their Children with your name, especially their Females.

Hor. And cry *Horner*'s coming to carry you away: I am only afraid 'twill not be believ'd; you told'em 'twas by an *English-French* disaster, and an *English-French* Chirurgeon, who has given me at once, not only a Cure, but an Antidote for the future, against that damn'd malady, and that worse distemper, love, and all other Womens evils.

Qu. Your late journey into *France* has made it the more credible, and your being here a fortnight before you appear'd in publick, looks as if you apprehended the shame, which I wonder you do not: Well I have been hired by young Gallants to bely'em t'other way; but you are the first wou'd be thought a Man unfit for Women.

Hor. Dear Mr. Doctor, let vain Rogues be contented only to be thought abler Men than they are, generally 'tis all the pleasure they have, but mine lyes another way.

Qu. You take, methinks, a very prepostrous way to it, and as ridiculous as if we Operators in Physick, shou'd put forth Bills to disparage our Medicaments, with hopes to gain Customers.

Hor. Doctor, there are Quacks in love, as well as Physick, who get but the fewer and worse Patients, for their boasting; a good name is seldom got by giving it ones self, and Women no more than honour are compass'd by bragging: Come, come Doctor, the wisest Lawyer never discovers the merits of his cause till the tryal; the wealthiest Man conceals his riches, and the cunning Gamster his play; Shy Husbands and Keepers like old Rooks are not to be cheated, but by a new unpractis'd trick; false friendship will pass now no more than false dice upon'em, no, not in the City.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There are two Ladies and a Gentleman coming up.

Hor.

Hor. A Pox, ſome unbelieving Siſters of my former acquaintance, who I am afraid, expect their ſenſe ſhou'd be ſatisfy'd of the falſity of the report.
No—this formal Fool and Women!
Qu. His Wife and Siſter.

Enter Sir Jaſp. Fidget, *Lady* Fidget, *and Mrs.* Dainty Fidget.

Sr. Jaſ. My Coach breaking juſt now before your door Sir, I look upon as an occaſional repremand to me Sir, for not kiſſing your hands Sir, ſince your coming out of *France* Sir; and ſo my diſaſter Sir, has been my good fortune Sir; and this is my Wife, and Siſter Sir.

Hor. What then, Sir?

Sr. Jaſ. My Lady, and Siſter, Sir.——Wife, this is Maſter *Horner.*

La. Fid. Maſter *Horner*, Husband!

Sr. Jaſ. My Lady, my Lady *Fidget*, Sir.

Hor. So, Sir.

Sr. Jaſ. Won't you be acquainted with her Sir?

[So the report is true, I find by his coldneſs or averſion to the Sex; but I'll play the wag with him.] [*Aſide.*]

Pray ſalute my Wife, my Lady, Sir.

Hor. I will kiſs no Mans Wife, Sir, for him, Sir; I have taken my eternal leave, Sir, of the Sex already, Sir.

Sr. Jaſ. Hah, hah, hah; I'll plague him yet. [*aſide.*]
Not know my Wife, Sir?

Hor. I do know your Wife, Sir, ſhe's a Woman, Sir, and conſequently a Monſter, Sir, a greater Monſter than a Husband, Sir.

Sr. Jaſ. A Husband; how, Sir?

Hor. So, Sir; but I make no more Cuckholds, Sir.
[*makes horns.*

Sr. Jaſ. Hah, hah, hah, *Mercury*, *Mercury.*

La. Fid. Pray, Sir *Jaſpar*, let us be gone from this rude fellow.

Mrs. Daint. Who, by his breeding, wou'd think, he had ever been in *France?*

La. Fid. Foh, he's but too much a French fellow, ſuch as hate Women of quality and virtue, for their love to their

[illegible] Sir Jaspar; a Woman is hated by'em as much for [illegible] Husband, as for loving their Money: But pray, [illegible] be gone.

Hor. You do well, Madam, for I have nothing that you can [illegible]: I have brought over not so much as a Bawdy Picture, new Postures, nor the second Part of the *Piccolo de Fides*; Nor——

Qu. Hold for shame, Sir; what d'y mean? you'l ruine your self for ever with the Sex—— [*apart to* Horner.

Sr. Jas. Hah, hah, hah, he hates Women perfectly I find.

Dain. What pitty 'tis he shou'd.

L. Fid. Ay, he's a base rude Fellow for't; but affectation makes not a Woman more odious to them, than Virtue.

Hor. Because your Virtue is your greatest affectation, Madam.

Lad. Fid. How, you sawcy Fellow, wou'd you wrong my honour?

Hor. If I cou'd.

Lad. Fid. How d'y mean, Sir?

Sr. Jas. Hah, hah, hah, no he can't wrong your Ladyships honour, upon my honour; he poor Man——hark you in your ear——a meer Eunuch.

Lad. O filthy French Beast, soh, soh; why do we stay? let's be gone; I can't endure the sight of him.

Sr. Jas. Stay, but till the Chairs come, they'l be here presently.

Lad. No, no.

Sr. Jas. Nor can I stay longer; 'tis——let me see, a quarter and a half quarter of a minute past eleven; the Council will be sate, I must away: business must be preferr'd always before Love and Ceremony with the wise Mr. *Horner*.

Hor. And the Impotent Sir *Jaspar*.

Sr. Jas. Ay, ay, the impotent Master *Horner*, hah, ha, ha.

Lad. What leave us with a filthy Man alone in his lodgings?

Sr. Jas. He's an innocent Man now, you know; pray stay, I'll hasten the Chaires to you. —Mr. *Horner* your Servant, I

 shou'd

shou'd be glad to see you at my house; pray, come and dine with me, and play at Cards with my Wife after dinner, you are fit for Women at that game; yet hah, ha——['Tis as much a Husbands prudence to provide innocent diversion for a Wife, as to hinder her unlawful pleasures; and he had better employ her, than let her employ her self. [*Aside.*
Farewel. [*Exit Sir* Jaspar.

Hor. Your Servant Sr. *Jaspar.*

Lad. I will not stay with him, foh——

Hor. Nay, Madam, I beseech you stay, if it be but to see, I can be as civil to Ladies yet, as they wou'd desire.

Lad. No, no, foh, you cannot be civil to Ladies.

Dain. You as civil as Ladies wou'd desire.

Lad. No, no, no, foh, foh, foh.

[*Exeunt Ladies* Fid. *and* Dainty.

Qu. Now I think, I, or you your self rather, have done your business with the Women.

Hor. Thou art an Ass; don't you see already upon the report and my carriage, this grave Man of business leaves his Wife in my lodgings, invites me to his house and wife, who before wou'd not be acquainted with me out of jealousy.

Qu. Nay, by this means you may be the more acquainted with the Husbands, but the less with the Wives.

Hor. Let me alone, if I can but abuse the Husbands, I'll soon disabuse the Wives: Stay——I'll reckon you up the advantages, I am like to have by my Stratagem: First, I shall be rid of all my old Acquaintances, the most insatiable sorts of Duns, that invade our Lodgings in a morning: And next, to the pleasure of making a New Mistriss, is that of being rid of an old One, and of all old Debts; Love when it comes to be so, is paid the most unwillingly.

Qu. Well, you may be so rid of your old Acquaintances; but how will you get any new Ones?

Hor. Doctor, thou wilt never make a good Chymist, thou art so incredulous and impatient; ask but all the young Fellows of the Town, if they do not loose more time like Hunting-men, in starting the game, than in running it down; one

knows not where to find 'em. who will, or will not; Women of Quality are ſo civil, you can hardly diſtinguiſh love from good breeding, and a Man is often miſtaken; but now I can be ſure, ſhe that ſhews an averſion to me loves the ſport, as thoſe Women that are gone, whom I warrant to be right: And then the next thing, is your Women of Honour, as you call 'em, are only chary of their reputations, not their Perſons, and 'tis ſcandal they wou'd avoid, not Men: Now may I have, by the reputation of an Eunuch, the Priviledges of One; and be ſeen in a Ladies Chamber, in a morning as early as her Husband; kiſs Virgins before their Parents, or Lovers; and may be in ſhort the *Pas par tout* of the Town. Now Doctor.

Qu. Nay, now you ſhall be the Doctor; and your Proceſs is ſo new, that we do not know but it may ſucceed.

Hor. Not ſo new neither, *Probatum eſt* Doctor.

Qu. Well, I wiſh you luck and many Patients whil'ſt I go to mine. [*Exit.* Quack.

Enter Harcourt, *and* Dorilant *to* Horner.

Har. Come, your appearance at the Play yeſterday, has I hope hardned you for the future againſt the Womens contempt, and the Mens raillery; and now you'l abroad as you were wont.

Hor. Did I not bear it bravely?

Dor. With a moſt Theatrical impudence; nay more than the Orange-wenches ſhew there, or a drunken vizard Mask, or a great belly'd Actreſs; nay, or the moſt impudent of Creatures, an ill Poet; or what is yet more impudent, a ſecond-hand Critick.

Hor. But what ſay the Ladies, have they no pitty?

Har. What Ladies? the vizard Maſques you know never pitty a Man when all's gone, though in their Service.

Dor. And for the Women in the boxes, you'd never pitty them, when 'twas in your power.

Har. They ſay 'tis pitty, but all that deal with common Women ſhou'd be ſerv'd ſo.

Dor. Nay, I dare ſwear, they won't admit you to play at Cards

Cards with them, go to Plays with'em, or do the little duties which other Shadows of men, are wont to do for'em.

Hor. Who do you call Shadows of Men?

Dor. Half Men.

Hor. What Boyes?

Dor. Ay your old Boyes, old *beaux Garcons*, who like ſuper-annuated Stallions are ſuffer'd to run, feed, and whinney with the Mares as long as they live, though they can do nothing elſe.

Hor. Well a Pox on love and wenching, Women ſerve but to keep a Man from better Company; though I can't enjoy them, I ſhall you the more: good fellowſhip and friendſhip, are laſting, rational and manly pleaſures.

Har. For all that give me ſome of thoſe pleaſures, you call effeminate too, they help to reliſh one another.

Hor. They diſturb one another.

Har. No, Miſtreſſes are like Books; if you pore upon them too much, they doze you, and make you unfit for Company; but if us'd diſcreetly, you are the fitter for converſation by'em.

Dor. A Miſtreſs ſhou'd be like a little Country retreat near the Town, not to dwell in conſtantly, but only for a night and away; to taſt the Town the better when a Man returns.

Hor. I tell you, 'tis as hard to be a good Fellow, a good Friend, and a Lover of Women, as 'tis to be a good Fellow, a good Friend, and a Lover of Money: You cannot follow both, then chooſe your ſide; Wine gives you liberty, Love takes it away.

Dor. Gad, he's in the right on't.

Hor. Wine gives you joy, Love grief and tortures; beſides the Chirurgeon's Wine makes us witty, Love only Sots: Wine makes us ſleep, Love breaks it.

Dor. By the World he has reaſon, *Harcourt.*

Hor. Wine makes——

Dor. Ay, Wine makes us——makes us Princes, Love makes us Beggars, poor Rogues, y gad——and Wine——

Hor. So, there's one converted.—— No, no, Love and Wine, Oil and Vinegar.

Har.

Har. I grant it; Love will ſtill be uppermoſt.

Hor. Come, for my part I will have only thoſe glorious, manly pleaſures of being very drunk, and very ſlovenly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mr. *Sparkiſh* is below, Sir.

Har. What, my dear Friend! a Rogue that is fond of me, only I think for abuſing him.

Dor. No, he can no more think the Men laugh at him, than that Women jilt him, his opinion of himſelf is ſo good.

Hor. Well, there's another pleaſure by drinking, I thought not of; I ſhall looſe his acquaintance, becauſe he cannot drink; and you know 'tis a very hard thing to be rid of him, for he's one of thoſe nauſeous offerers at wit, who like the worſt Fidlers run themſelves into all Companies.

Har. One, that by being in the Company of Men of ſenſe wou'd paſs for one.

Hor. And may ſo to the ſhort-ſighed World, as a falſe Jewel amongſt true ones, is not diſcern'd at a diſtance; his Company is as troubleſome to us, as a Cuckolds, when you have a mind to his Wife's.

Har. No, the Rogue will not let us enjoy one another, but raviſhes our converſation, though he ſignifies no more to't, than Sir *Martin Mar-all*'s gaping, and auker'd thrumming upon the Lute, does to his Man's Voice, and Muſick.

Dor. And to paſs for a wit in Town, ſhewes himſelf a fool every night to us, that are guilty of the plot.

Hor. Such wits as he, are, to a Company of reaſonable Men, like Rooks to the Gameſters, who only fill a room at the Table, but are ſo far from contributing to the play, that they only ſerve to ſpoil the fancy of thoſe that do.

Dor. Nay, they are us'd like Rooks too, ſnub'd, check'd, and abus'd; yet the Rogues will hang on.

Hor. A Pox on 'em, and all that force Nature, and wou'd be ſtill what ſhe forbids 'em; Affectation is her greateſt Monſter.

Har. Moſt Men are the contraries to that they wou'd ſeem; your bully you ſee, is a Coward with a long Sword; the little humbly fawning Phyſician with his Ebony cane, is he that deſtroys Men.

Dor.

Dor. The Uſurer, a poor Rogue, poſſeſs'd of moldy Bonds, and Mortgages; and we they call Spend-thrifts, are only wealthy, who lay out his money upon daily new purchaſes of pleaſure.

Hor. Ay, your erranteſt cheat, is your Truſtee, or Executor; your jealous Man, the greateſt Cuckhold; your Church-man, the greateſt Atheiſt; and your noiſy pert Rogue of a wit, the greateſt Fop, dulleſt Aſs, and worſt Company as you ſhall ſee: For here he comes.

Enter Sparkiſh *to them.*

Spar. How is't, Sparks, how is't? Well Faith, *Harry*, I muſt railly thee a little, ha, ha, ha, upon the report in Town of thee, ha, ha, ha, I can't hold y Faith; ſhall I ſpeak?

Hor. Yes, but you'l be ſo bitter then.

Spar. Honeſt *Dick* and *Franck* here ſhall anſwer for me, I will not be extream bitter by the Univers.

Har. We will be bound in ten thouſand pound Bond, he ſhall not be bitter at all.

Dor. Nor ſharp, nor ſweet.

Hor. What, not down right inſipid?

Spar. Nay then, ſince you are ſo briſk, and provoke me, take what follows; you muſt know, I was diſcourſing and raillying with ſome Ladies yeſterday, and they hapned to talk of the fine new ſignes in Town.

Hor. Very fine Ladies I believe.

Spar. Said I, I know where the beſt new ſign is. Where, ſays one of the Ladies? In *Covent-Garden*, I reply'd. Said another, In what ſtreet? In *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, anſwer'd I. Lord ſays another, I'm ſure there was ne're a fine new ſign there yeſterday. Yes, but there was, ſaid I again, and it came out of *France*, and has been there a fortnight.

Dor. A Pox I can hear no more, prethee.

Hor. No hear him out; let him tune his crowd a while.

Har. The worſt Muſick the greateſt preparation.

Spar. Nay faith, I'll make you laugh. It cannot be, ſays a third Lady. Yes, yes, quoth I again. Says a fourth Lady,

Hor. Look to't, we'l have no more Ladies.

Spar. No.——then mark, mark, now, ſaid I to the fourth, did you never ſee Mr. *Horner*; he lodges in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, and he's a ſign of a Man, you know, ſince he came out of *France*, heh, hah, he.

Hor. But the Divel take me, if thine be the ſign of a jeſt.

Spar. With that they all fell a laughing, till they bepiſs'd themſelves; what, but it do's not move you, methinks? well ſee one had as good go to Law without a witneſs, as break a jeſt without a laugher on ones ſide.——Come, come Sparks, but where do we dine, I have left at *Whitehal* an Earl to dine with you.

Dor. Why, I thought thou hadſt lov'd a Man with a title better, than a Suit with a French trimming to't.

Har. Go, to him again.

Spar. No, Sir, a wit to me is the greateſt title in the World.

Hor. But go dine with your Earl, Sir, he may be exceptious; we are your Friends, and will not take it ill to be left, I do aſſure you.

Har. Nay, faith he ſhall go to him.

Spar. Nay, pray Gentlemen.

Dor. We'l thruſt you out, if you wo'not, what diſappoint any Body for us.

Spar. Nay, dear Gentlemen hear me.

Hor. No, no, Sir, by no means; pray go Sir.

Spar. Why, dear Rogues. | *They all thruſt him*

Dor. No, no. | *out of the room.*

All. Ha, ha, ha. [Spar. *returns.*

Spar. But, Sparks, pray hear me; what d'ye think I'll eat then with gay ſhallow Fops, and ſilent Coxcombs? I think wit as neceſſary at dinner as a glaſs of good wine, and that's the reaſon I never have any ſtomach when I eat alone.——Come, but where do we dine?

Hor. Ev'n where you will.

Spar. At *Chateline's.*

Dor. Yes, if you will.

Spar. Or at the *Cock.*

Dor. Yes, if you pleaſe.

Spar. Or at the *Dog* and *Partridg*. *Hor.*

Hor. Ay, if you have mind to't, for we shall dine at neither.

Spar. Pshaw, with your fooling we shall loose the new Play; and I wou'd no more miss seing a new Play the first day, than I wou'd miss setting in the wits Row; therefore I'll go fetch my Mistriss and away. [*Exit Sparkish.*

Manent Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant; *Enter to them* *Mr.* Pinchwife.

Hor. Who have we here, *Pinchwife?*

Mr. Pinc. Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

Hor. Well, *Jack*, by thy long absence from the Town, the grumness of thy countenance, and the slovenlyness of thy habit; I shou'd give thee joy, shoud' I not, of Marriage?

Mr. Pin. [Death does he know I'm married too? I thought to have conceal'd it from him at least.] [*Aside.*

My long stay in the Country will excuse my dress, and I have a suit of Law, that brings me up to Town, that puts me out of humour; besides I must give *Sparkish* to morrow five thousand pound to lye with my Sister.

Hor. Nay, you Country Gentlemen rather than not purchase, will buy any thing, and he is a crackt title, if we may quibble: Well, but am I to give thee joy, I heard thou wert marry'd.

Mr. Pin. What then?

Hor. Why, the next thing that is to be heard, is thou'rt a Cuckold.

Mr. Pin. Insupportable name. [*Aside.*

Hor. But I did not expect Marriage from such a Whoremaster as you, one that knew the Town so much, and Women so well.

Mr. Pin. Why, I have marry'd no *London* Wife.

Hor. Pshaw, that's all one, that grave circumspection in marrying a Country Wife, is like refusing a deceitful pamper'd *Smithfield* Jade, to go and be cheated by a Friend in the Country.

Mr. Pin. A Pox on him and his Simile. [*Aside.*

At least we are a little surer of the breed there, know what her keeping has been, whether foyl'd or unsound.

Hor. Come, come, I have known a clap gotten in *Wales*, and

there are Cozens, Justices, Clarks, and Chaplains in the Country, I won't say Coach-men, but she's handsome and young.

Pin. I'll answer as I shou'd do. [*Aside.*
No, no, she has no beauty, but her youth; no attraction, but her modesty, wholesome, homely, and huswifely, that's all.

Dor. He talks as like a Grasier as he looks.

Pin. She's too auker'd, ill favour'd, and silly to bring to Town.

Har. Then methinks you shou'd bring her, to be taught breeding.

Pin. To be taught; no, Sir, I thank you, good Wives, and private Souldiers shou'd be ignorant.——[I'll keep her from your instructions, I warrant you.

Har. The Rogue is as jealous, as if his wife were not ignorant. [*Aside.*

Hor. Why, if she be ill favour'd, there will be less danger here for you, than by leaving her in the Country; we have such variety of dainties, that we are seldom hungry.

Dor. But they have alwayes coarse, constant, swinging stomachs in the Country.

Har. Foul Feeders indeed.

Dor. And your Hospitality is great there.

Har. Open house, every Man's welcome.

Pin. So, so, Gentlemen.

Hor. But prethee, why woud'st thou marry her? if she be ugly, ill bred, and silly, she must be rich then.

Pin. As rich as if she brought me twenty thousand pound out of this Town; for she'l be as sure not to spend her moderate portion, as a *London* Baggage wou'd be to spend hers, let it be what it wou'd; so 'tis all one: then becaus shes ugly, she's the likelyer to be my own; and being ill bred, she'l hate conversation; and since silly and innocent, will not know the difference betwixt a Man of one and twenty, and one of forty

Hor. Nine—to my knowledge; but if she be silly, she'l expect as much from a Man of forty nine, as from him of one and twenty: But methinks wit is more necessary than beauty, and

and I think no young Woman ugly that has it; and no handſome Woman agreable without it.

Pin. 'Tis my maxime, he's a Fool that marrys, but he's a greater that does not marry a Fool; what is wit in a Wife good for, but to make a Man a Cuckold?

Hor. Yes, to keep it from his knowledge.

Pin. A Fool cannot contrive to make her huſband a Cuckold.

Hor. No, but ſhe'l club with a Man that can; and what is worſe, if ſhe cannot make her Huſband a Cuckold, ſhe'l make him jealous, and paſs for one, and then 'tis all one.

Pin. Well, well, I'll take care for one, my Wife ſhall make me no Cuckold, though ſhe had your help Mr. *Horner*; I underſtand the Town, Sir.

Dor. His help! [*Aſide.*

Har. He's come newly to Town it ſeems, and has not heard how things are with him. [*Aſide.*

Hor. But tell me, has Marriage cured thee of whoring, which it ſeldom does.

Har. 'Tis more than age can do.

Hor. No, the word is, I'll marry and live honeſt; but a Marriage vow is like a penitent Gameſters Oath, and entring into Bonds, and penalties to ſtint himſelf to ſuch a particular ſmall ſum at play for the future, which makes him but the more eager, and not being able to hold out, looſes his Money again, and his forfeit to boot.

Dor. Ay, ay, a Gameſter will be a Gameſter, whilſt his Money laſts; and a Whoremaſter, whilſt his vigour.

Har. Nay, I have known'em, when they are broke and can looſe no more, keep a fumbling with the Box in their hands to fool with only, and hinder other Gameſters.

Dor. That had wherewithal to make luſty ſtakes.

Pin. Well, Gentlemen, you may laugh at me, but you ſhall never lye with my Wife, I know the Town.

Hor. But prethee, was not the way you were in better; is not keeping better than Marriage?

Pin. A Pox on't, the Jades wou'd jilt me, I cou'd never keep a Whore to my ſelf.

Hor. So then you only marry'd to keep a Whore to your ſelf; well, but let me tell you, Women, as you ſay, are like Souldiers made conſtant and loyal by good pay, rather than by Oaths and Covenants, therefore I'd adviſe my Friends to keep rather than marry; ſince too I find by your example, it does not ſerve ones turn, for I ſaw you yeſterday in the eighteen penny place with a pretty Country-wench.

Pin. How the Divel, did he ſee my Wife then? I ſate there that ſhe might not be ſeen; but ſhe ſhall never go to a play again. [*Aſide.*

Hor. What doſt thou bluſh at nine and forty, for having been ſeen with a Wench?

Dor. No Faith, I warrant 'twas his Wife, which he ſeated there out of ſight, for he's a cunning Rogue, and underſtands the Town.

Har. He bluſhes, then 'twas his Wife; for Men are now more aſhamed to be ſeen with them in publick, than with a Wench.

Pin. Hell and damnation, I'm undone, ſince *Horner* has ſeen her, and they know 'twas ſhe. [*Aſide.*

Hor. But prethee, was it thy Wife? ſhe was exceedingly pretty; I was in love with her at that diſtance.

Pin. You are like never to be nearer to her. Your Servant Gentlemen. [*Offers to go.*

Hor, Nay, prethee ſtay.

Pin. I cannot, I will not.

Hor. Come you ſhall dine with us.

Pin. I have din'd already.

Hor. Come, I know thou haſt not; I'll treat thee dear Rogue, thou ſha't ſpend none of thy *Hampſhire* Money to day.

Pin. Treat me; ſo he uſes me already like his Cuckold. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Nay, you ſhall not go.

Pin. I muſt, I have buſineſs at home. [*Exit* Pinchwife.

Har. To beat his Wife, he's as jealous of her, as a *Cheapſide* Huſband of a *Covent-garden* Wife.

Hor.

Hor. Why, 'tis as hard to find an old Whoremaſter without jealouſy and the gout, as a young one without fear or the Pox.

As Gout in Age, from Pox in Youth proceeds;
So Wenching paſt, then jealouſy ſucceeds:
The worſt diſeaſe that Love and Wenching breeds.

ACT 2. SCENE 1.

Mrs. Margery Pinchwife, *and* Alithea: *Mr.* Pinchwife *peeping behind at the door.*

Mrs. Pin. PRay, Siſter, where are the beſt Fields and Woods, to walk in in *London?*

Alit. A pretty Queſtion; why, Siſter! *Mulberry Garden*, and St. *James's Park*; and for cloſe walks the *New Exchange.*

Mrs. Pin. Pray, Siſter, tell me why my Huſband looks ſo grum here in Town? and keeps me up ſo cloſe, and will not let me go a walking, nor let me wear my beſt Gown yeſterday?

Alith. O he's jealous, Siſter.

Mrs. Pin. Jealous, what's that?

Alith. He's afraid you ſhou'd love another Man.

Mrs. Pin. How ſhou'd he be afraid of my loving another man, when he will not let me ſee any but himſelf.

Alith. Did he not carry you yeſterday to a Play?

Mrs. Pin. Ay, but we ſate amongſt ugly People, he wou'd not let me come near the Gentry, who ſate under us, ſo that I cou'd not ſee'em: He told me, none but naughty Women ſate there, whom they tous'd and mous'd; but I wou'd have ventur'd for all that.

Alith. But how did you like the Play?

Mrs. Pin. Indeed I was aweary of the Play, but I lik'd hugeouſly the Actors; they are the goodlyeſt proper'ſt Men, Siſter.

Alith.

Alith. O but you muſt not like the Actors, Siſter.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, how ſhou'd I help it, Siſter? Pray, Siſter, when my Huſband comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a walking?

Alith. A walking, hah, ha; Lord, a Country Gentlewomans leaſure is the drudgery of a foot-poſt; and ſhe requires as much airing as her Huſbands Horſes. [*Aſide.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife *to them.*

But here comes your Huſband; I'll ask, though I'm ſure he'l not grant it.

Mrs. Pin. He ſays he won't let me go abroad, for fear of catching the Pox.

Alith. Fye, the ſmall Pox you ſhou'd ſay.

Mrs. Pin. Oh my dear, dear Bud, welcome home; why doſt thou look ſo fropiſh, who has nanger'd thee?

Mr. Pin. Your a Fool. [*Mrs.* Pinch. *goes aſide, & cryes.*

Alith. Faith ſo ſhe is, for crying for no fault, poor tender Creature!

Mr. Pin. What you wou'd have her as impudent as your ſelf, as errant a Jilflirt, a gadder, a Magpy, and to ſay all a meer notorious Town-Woman?

Alit. Brother, you are my only Cenſurer; and the honour of your Family ſhall ſooner ſuffer in your Wife there, than in me, though I take the innocent liberty of the Town.

Mr. Pin. Hark you Miſtriſs, do not talk ſo before my Wife, the innocent liberty of the Town!

Alith. Why, pray, who boaſts of any intrigue with me? what Lampoon has made my name notorious? what ill Women frequent my Lodgings? I keep no Company with any Women of ſcandalous reputations.

Mr. Pin. No, you keep the Men of ſcandalous reputations Company.

Alith. Where? wou'd you not have me civil? anſwer'em in a Box at the Plays? in the drawing room at *Whitehal*? in St. *James's Park*? *Mulberry-garden*? or——

Mr. Pin. Hold, hold, do not teach my Wife, where the Men are to be found; I believe ſhe's the worſe for your Town docu-

documents already; I bid you keep her in ignorance as I do.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed be not angry with her Bud, ſhe will tell me nothing of the Town, though I ask her a thouſand times a day.

Mr. Pin. Then you are very inquiſitive to know, I find?

Mrs. Pin. Not I indeed, Dear, I hate *London*; our Place-houſe in the Country is worth a thouſand of't, wou'd I were there again.

Mr. Pin. So you ſhall I warrant; but were you not talking of Plays, and Players, when I came in? you are her encourager in ſuch diſcourſes.

Mrs. Pin. No indeed, Dear, ſhe chid me juſt now for liking the Player Men.

Mr. Pin. Nay, if ſhe be ſo innocent as to own to me her likeing them, there is no hurt in't—— [*Aſide.*
Come my poor Rogue, but thou lik'ſt none better then me?

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed, but I do, the Player Men are finer Folks.

Mr. Pin. But you love none better then me?

Mrs. Pin. You are mine own Dear Bud, and I know you, I hate a Stranger.

Mr. Pin. Ay, my Dear, you muſt love me only, and not be like the naughty Town Women, who only hate their Husbands, and love every Man elſe, love Plays, Viſits, fine Coaches, fine Cloaths, Fidles, Balls, Treates, and ſo lead a wicked Town-life.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, if to enjoy all theſe things be a Town-life, *London* is not ſo bad a place, Dear.

Mr. Pin. How! if you love me, you muſt hate *London*.

Ali. The Fool has forbid me diſcovering to her the pleaſures of the Town, and he is now ſetting her a gog upon them himſelf.

Mrs. Pin. But, Huſband, do the Town-women love the Player Men too?

Mr. Pin. Yes, I warrant you.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, I warrant you.

Mr. Pin. Why, you do not, I hope?

Mrs. Pin. No, no, Bud; but why have we no Player-men in the Country?

Mr. Pin. Ha— Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a Play.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, why, Love? I did not care for going; but when you forbid me, you make me as't were desire it.

Alith. So 'twill be in other things, I warrant. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pin. Pray, let me go to a Play, Dear.

Mr. Pin. Hold your Peace, I wo'not.

Mrs. Pin. Why, Love?

Mr. Pin. Why, I'll tell you.

Alith. Nay, if he tell her, she'l give him more cause to forbid her that place. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pin. Pray, why, Dear?

Mr. Pin. First, you like the Actors, and the Gallants may like you.

Mrs. Pin. What, a homely Country Girl? no Bud, no body will like me.

Mr. Pin. I tell you, yes, they may.

Mrs. Pin. No, no, you jest—I won't believe you, I will go.

Mr. Pin. I tell you then, that one of the lewdest Fellows in Town, who saw you there, told me he was in love with you.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed! who, who, pray who was't?

Mr. Pin. I've gone too far, and slipt before I was aware; how overjoy'd she is! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pin. Was it any *Hampshire* Gallant, any of our Neighbours? I promise you, I am beholding to him.

Mr. Pin. I promise you, you lye; for he wou'd but ruin you, as he has done hundreds: he has no other love for Women, but that, such as he, look upon Women like Basilicks, but to destroy'em.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, but if he loves me, why shou'd he ruin me? answer me to that: methinks he shou'd not, I wou'd do him no harm.

Alith. Hah, ha, ha.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis very well; but I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either.

Enter

Enter Sparkish *and* Harcourt.

But here comes Company, get you in, get you in.

Mrs. Pin. But pray, Husband, is he a pretty Gentleman, that loves me?

Mr. Pin. In baggage, in. [*Thrusts her in: shuts the door.* What all the lewd Libertines of the Town brought to my Lodging, by this easie Coxcomb! S'death I'll not suffer it.

Spar. Here *Harcourt*, do you approve my choice? Dear, little Rogue, I told you, I'd bring you acquainted with all my Friends, the wits, and—— [Harcourt *salutes her.*

Mr. Pin. Ay, they shall know her, as well as you your self will, I warrant you.

Spar. This is one of those, my pretty Rogue, that are to dance at your Wedding to morrow; and him you must bid welcom ever, to what you and I have.

Mr. Pin. Monstrous!—— [*Aside.*

Spar. Harcourt how dost thou like her, Faith? Nay, Dear, do not look down; I should hate to have a Wife of mine out of countenance at any thing.

Mr. Pin. Wonderful!

Spar. Tell me, I say, *Harcourt*, how dost thou like her? thou hast star'd upon her enough, to resolve me.

Har. So infinitely well, that I cou'd wish I had a Mistris too, that might differ from her in nothing, but her love and engagement to you.

Alith. Sir, Master *Sparkish* has often told me, that his Acquaintance were all Wits and Raillieurs, and now I find it.

Spar. No, by the Universe, Madam, he does not railly now; you may believe him: I do assure you, he is the honestest, worthyest, true hearted Gentleman—— A man of such perfect honour, he wou'd say nothing to a Lady, he does not mean.

Mr. Pin. Praising another Man to his Mistris!

Har. Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that—

Spar. Nay, I gad, I am sure you do admire her extreamly, I see't in your eyes.— He does admire you Madam.—— By the World, don't you?

Har. Yes, above the World, or, the moſt glorious part of it, her whole Sex; and till now I never thought I ſhou'd have envy'd you, or any Man about to marry, but you have the beſt excuſe for Marriage I ever knew.

Alith. Nay, now, Sir, I'm ſatisfied you are of the Society of the Wits, and Raillieurs, ſince you cannot ſpare your Friend, even when he is but too civil to you; but the ſureſt ſign is, ſince you are an Enemy to Marriage, for that I hear you hate as much as buſineſs or bad Wine.

Har. Truly, Madam, I never was an Enemy to Marriage, till now, becauſe Marriage was never an Enemy to me before.

Alith. But why, Sir, is Marriage an Enemy to you now? Becauſe it robs you of your Friend here; for you look upon a Friend married, as one gone into a Monaſtery, that is dead to the World.

Har. 'Tis indeed, becauſe you marry him; I ſee Madam, you can gueſs my meaning: I do confeſs heartily and openly, I wiſh it were in my power to break the Match, by Heavens, I wou'd.

Spar. Poor *Franck!*

Alith. Wou'd you be ſo unkind to me?

Har. No, no, 'tis not becauſe I wou'd be unkind to you.

Spar. Poor *Franck*, no gad, 'tis only his kindneſs to me.

Pin. Great kindneſs to you indeed; inſenſible Fop, let a Man make love to his Wife to his face. [*Aſide.*

Spar. Come dear *Franck*, for all my Wife there that ſhall be, thou ſhalt enjoy me ſometimes dear Rogue; by my honour, we Men of wit condole for our deceaſed Brother in Marriage, as much as for one dead in earneſt: I think that was prettily ſaid of me, ha *Harcourt?* ——But come *Franck*, be not not melancholy for me.

Har. No, I aſſure you I am not melancholy for you.

Spar. Prethee, *Frank*, doſt think my Wife that ſhall be there a fine Perſon?

Har. I cou'd gaze upon her, till I became as blind as you are.

Spar. How, as I am! how!

Har.

Har. Becauſe you are a Lover, and true Lovers are blind, ſtockblind.

Spar. True, true; but by the World, ſhe has wit too, as well as beauty: go, go with her into a corner, and trye if ſhe has wit, talk to her any thing, ſhe's baſhful before me.

Har. Indeed if a Woman wants wit in a corner, ſhe has it no where.

Alith. Sir, you diſpoſe of me a little before your time.—— [*Aſide to* Sparkiſh.

Spar. Nay, nay, Madam let me have an earneſt of your obedience, or——go, go, Madam—— | Harcourt *courts* Alithea *aſide.*

Pin. How, Sir, if you are not concern'd for the honour of a VVife, I am for that of a Siſter; he ſhall not debauch her: be a Pander to your own VVife, bring Men to her, let 'em make love before your face, thruſt 'em into a corner together, then leav 'em in private! is this your Town wit and conduct?

Spar. Hah, ha, ha, a ſilly wiſe Rogue, wou'd make one laugh more then a ſtark Fool, hah, ha: I ſhall burſt. Nay, you ſhall not diſturb 'em; I'll vex thee, by the World. | *Struggles with* Pinch. *to keep him from* Harc. *and* Alith.

Alith. The writings are drawn, Sir, ſettlements made; 'tis too late, Sir, and paſt all revocation.

Har. Then ſo is my death.

Alith. I wou'd not be unjuſt to him.

Har. Then why to me ſo?

Alith. I have no obligation to you.

Har. My love.

Alith. I had his before.

Har. You never had it; he wants you ſee jealouſie, the only infallible ſign of it.

Alith. Love proceeds from eſteem; he cannot diſtruſt my virtue, beſides he loves me, or he wou'd not marry me.

Har. Marrying you, is no more ſign of his love, then bribing your Woman, that he may marry you, is a ſign of his generoſity: Marriage is rather a ſign of intereſt, then love; and he that marries a fortune, covets a Miſtreſs, not loves her:

her: But if you take Marriage for a ſign of love, take it from me immediately.

Alith. No, now you have put a ſcruple in my head; but in ſhort, Sir, to end our diſpute, I muſt marry him, my reputation wou'd ſuffer in the World elſe.

Har. No, if you do marry him, with your pardon, Madam, your reputation ſuffers in the World, and you wou'd be thought in neceſſity for a cloak.

Alith. Nay, now you are rude, Sir.——Mr. *Sparkiſh*, pray come hither, your Friend here is very troubleſom, and very loving.

Har. Hold, hold—— [*Aſide to* Alithea.

Mr. Pin. D'ye hear that?

Spar. Why, d'ye think I'll ſeem to be jealous, like a Country Bumpkin?

Mr. Pin. No, rather be a Cuckold, like a credulous Cit.

Har. Madam, you wou'd not have been ſo little generous as to have told him.

Alith. Yes, ſince you cou'd be ſo little generous, as to wrong him.

Har. Wrong him, no Man can do't, he's beneath an injury; a Bubble, a Coward, a ſenſleſs Idiot, a Wretch ſo contemptible to all the World but you, that——

Alith. Hold, do not rail at him, for ſince he is like to be my Huſband, I am reſolv'd to like him: Nay, I think I am oblig'd to tell him, you are not his Friend.—— Maſter *Sparkiſh*, Maſter *Sparkiſh*.

Spar. What, what; now dear Rogue, has not ſhe wit?

Har. Not ſo much as I thought, and hoped ſhe had. [*Speaks ſurlily.*

Alith. Mr. *Sparkiſh*, do you bring People to rail at you?

Har. Madam——

Spar. How! no, but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jeſt I warrant; what we wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

Alith. He ſpoke ſo ſcurrilouſly of you, I had no patience to hear him; beſides he has been making love to me.

Har.

Har. True damn'd tell-tale-Woman. [*Aſide.*

Spar. Pſhaw, to ſhew his parts——we wits rail and make love often, but to ſhew our parts; as we have no affections, ſo we have no malice, we——

Alith. He ſaid, you were a Wretch, below an injury.

Spar. Pſhaw.

Har. Damn'd, ſenſleſs, impudent, virtuous Jade; well ſince ſhe won't let me have her, ſhe'l do as good, ſhe'l make me hate her.

Alith. A Common Bubble.

Spar. Pſhaw.

Alith. A Coward.

Spar. Pſhaw, pſhaw.

Alith. A ſenſleſs driveling Idiot.

Spar. How, did he diſparage my parts? Nay, then my honour's concern'd, I can't put up that, Sir; by the World, Brother help me to kill him; [I may draw now, ſince we have the odds of him:——'tis a good occaſion too before my Miſtriſs]—— [*Aſide.*

[*Offers to draw.*

Alith. Hold, hold.

Spar. What, what.

Alith. I muſt not let 'em kill the Gentleman neither, for his kindneſs to me; I am ſo far from hating him, that I wiſh my Gallant had his perſon and underſtanding:—

[Nay if my honour—— [*Aſide.*

Spar. I'll be thy death.

Alith. Hold, hold, indeed to tell the truth, the Gentleman ſaid after all, that what he ſpoke, was but out of friendſhip to you.

Spar. How! ſay, I am, I am a Fool, that is no wit, out of friendſhip to me.

Alith. Yes, to try whether I was concern'd enough for you, and made love to me only to be ſatisfy'd of my virtue, for your ſake.

Har. Kind however—— [*Aſide.*

Spar. Nay, if it were ſo, my dear Rogue, I ask thee par-

don

don; but why would not you tell me ſo, faith.

Har. Becauſe I did not think on't, faith.

Spar. Come, *Horner* does not come, *Harcourt*, let's be gone to the new Play. ——Come Madam.

Alith. I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the Box, and run into the pit, as you uſe to do.

Spar. Pſhaw, I'll leave *Harcourt* with you in the Box, to entertain you, and that's as good; if I ſate in the Box, I ſhou'd be thought no Judge, but of trimmings.——Come away *Harcourt*, lead her down.

[*Exeunt* Sparkiſh, Harcourt, *and* Alithea.

Pin. Well, go thy wayes, for the flower of the true Town Fops, ſuch as ſpend their Eſtates, before they come to'em, and are Cuckolds before they'r married. But let me go look to my own Free-hold——How——

Enter my Lady Fidget, *Miſtriſs* Dainty Fidget, *and Miſtriſs* Squeamiſh.

Lad. Your Servant, Sir, where is your Lady? we are come to wait upon her to the new Play.

Pin. New Play!

Lad. And my Huſband will wait upon you preſently.

Pin. Damn your civility—— [*Aſide.*

Madam, by no means, I will not ſee Sir *Jaſpar* here, till I have waited upon him at home; nor ſhall my Wife ſee you, till ſhe has waited upon your Ladyſhip at your lodgings.

Lad. Now we are here, Sir——

Pin. No, Madam.

Dain. Pray, let us ſee her.

Squeam. We will not ſtir, till we ſee her.

Pin. A Pox on you all—— [*Aſide.* | *Goes to the door, and returns.*

ſhe has lock'd the door, and is gone abroad.

Lad. No, you have lock'd the door, and ſhe's within.

Dain. They told us below, ſhe was here.

Pin. [Will nothing do?]——Well it muſt out then, to tell you the truth, Ladies, which I was afraid to let you know before, leaſt it might endanger your lives, my Wife has juſt now the Small Pox come out upon her, do not be frighten'd; but

but pray, be gone Ladies, you ſhall not ſtay here in danger of your lives; pray get you gone Ladies.

Lad. No, no, we have all had'em.

Squeam. Alack, alack.

Dain. Come, come, we muſt ſee how it goes with her, I underſtand the diſeaſe.

Lad. Come.

Pin. Well, there is no being too hard for Women at their own weapon, lying, therefore I'll quit the Field. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Pinchwife.

Squeam. Here's an example of jealouſy.

Lad. Indeed as the World goes, I wonder there are no more jealous, ſince Wives are ſo neglected.

Dain. Pſhaw, as the World goes, to what end ſhou'd they be jealous.

Lad. Foh, 'tis a naſty World.

Squeam. That Men of parts, great acquaintance, and quality ſhou'd take up with, and ſpend themſelves and fortunes, in keeping little Play-houſe Creatures, foh.

Lad. Nay, that Women of underſtanding, great acquaintance, and good quality, ſhou'd fall a keeping too of little Creatures, foh.

Squeam. Why, 'tis the Men of qualities fault, they never viſit Women of honour, and reputation, as they us'd to do; and have not ſo much as common civility, for Ladies of our rank, but uſe us with the ſame indifferency, and ill breeding, as if we were all marry'd to'em.

Lad. She ſays true, 'tis an errant ſhame Women of quality ſhou'd be ſo ſlighted; methinks, birth, birth, ſhou'd go for ſomething; I have known Men admired, courted, and followed for their titles only.

Squeam. Ay, one wou'd think Men of honour ſhou'd not love no more, than marry out of their own rank.

Dain. Fye, fye upon'em, they are come to think croſs breeding for themſelves beſt, as well as for their Dogs, and Horſes.

Lad. They are Dogs, and Horſes for't.

Squeam. One wou'd think if not for love, for vanity a little.

Dain. Nay, they do ſatisfy their vanity upon us ſometimes; and are kind to us in their report, tell all the World they lye with us.

Lad. Damn'd Raſcals, that we ſhou'd be only wrong'd by'em; to report a Man has had a Perſon, when he has not had a Perſon, is the greateſt wrong in the whole World, that can be done to a perſon.

Squeam. Well, 'tis an errant ſhame, Noble Perſons ſhou'd be ſo wrong'd, and neglected.

Lad. But ſtill 'tis an erranter ſhame for a Noble Perſon, to neglect her own honour, and defame her own Noble Perſon, with little inconſiderable Fellows, foh!——

Dain. I ſuppoſe the crime againſt our honour, is the ſame with a Man of quality as with another.

Lad. How! no ſure the Man of quality is likeſt one's Husband, and therefore the fault ſhou'd be the leſs.

Dain. But then the pleaſure ſhou'd be the leſs.

Lad. Fye, fye, fye, for ſhame Siſter, whither ſhall we ramble? be continent in your diſcourſe, or I ſhall hate you.

Dain. Beſides an intrigue is ſo much the more notorious for the man's quality.

Squeam. 'Tis true, no body takes notice of a private Man, and therefore with him, 'tis more ſecret, and the crime's the leſs, when 'tis not known.

Lad. You ſay true; y faith I think you are in the right on't: 'tis not an injury to a Huſband, till it be an injury to our honours; ſo that a Woman of honour looſes no honour with a private Perſon; and to ſay truth——

Dain. So the little Fellow is grown a private Perſon—— with her—— [*Apart to* Squeamiſh.

Lad. But ſtill my dear, dear Honour.

Enter Sir Jaſpar, Horner, Dorilant.

Sr. Jaſ. Ay, my dear, dear of honour, thou haſt ſtill ſo much honour in thy mouth——

Hor. That ſhe has none elſewhere—— [*Aſide.*

Lad. Oh, what d'ye mean to bring in theſe upon us?

Dain. Foh, theſe are as bad as Wits.

Squeam.

Squeam. Foh!

Lad. Let us leave the Room.

Sr. Jaſ. Stay, ſtay, faith to tell you the naked truth.

Lad. Fye, Sir *Jaſpar*, do not uſe that word naked.

Sr. Jaſ. Well, well, in ſhort I have buſineſs at *Whitehal*, and cannot go to the play with you, therefore wou'd have you go——

Lad. With thoſe two to a Play?

Sr. Jaſ. No, not with t'other, but with Mr. *Horner*, there can be no more ſcandal to go with him, than with Mr. *Tatle*, or Maſter *Limberham*.

Lad. With that naſty Fellow! no—— no.

Sr. Jaſ. Nay, prethee Dear, hear me. [*Whiſpers to Lady* Fid.

Hor. Ladies. | Horner, Dorilant *drawing near*

Dain. Stand off. | Squeamiſh, *and* Daint.

Squeam. Do not approach us.

Dain. You heard with the wits, you are obſcenity all over.

Squeam. And I wou'd as ſoon look upon a Picture of *Adam* and *Eve*, without fig leaves, as any of you, if I cou'd help it, therefore keep off, and do not make us ſick.

Dor. What a Divel are theſe?

Hor. Why, theſe are pretenders to honour, as criticks to wit, only by cenſuring others; and as every raw peeviſh, out-of-humour'd, affected, dull, Tea-drinking, Arithmetical Fop ſets up for a wit, by railing at men of ſence, ſo theſe for honour, by railing at the Court, and Ladies of as great honour, as quality.

Sr. Jaſ. Come, Mr. *Horner*, I muſt deſire you to go with theſe Ladies to the Play, Sir.

Hor. I! Sir.

Sr. Jaſ. Ay, ay, come, Sir.

Hor. I muſt beg your pardon, Sir, and theirs, I will not be ſeen in Womens Company in publick again for the World.

Sr. Jaſ. Ha, ha, ſtrange Averſion!

Squeam. No, he's for Womens company in private.

Sr. Jaſ. He——poor Man——hel hah, ha, ha.

Dain. 'Tis a greater ſhame amongſt lew'd fellows to be

ſeen in virtuous Womens company, than for the Women to be ſeen with them.

Hor. Indeed, Madam, the time was I only hated virtuous Women, but now I hate the other too; I beg your pardon Ladies.

Lad. You are very obliging, Sir, becauſe we wou'd not be troubled with you.

Sr. Jaſ. In ſober ſadneſs he ſhall go.

Dor. Nay, if he wo'not, I am ready to wait upon the Ladies; and I think I am the fitter Man.

Sr. Jaſ. You, Sir, no I thank you for that—— Maſter *Horner* is a privileg'd Man amongſt the virtuous Ladies, 'twill be a great while before you are ſo; heh, he, he, he's my Wive's Gallant, heh, he he; no pray withdraw, Sir, for as I take it, the virtuous Ladies have no buſineſs with you.

Dor. And I am ſure, he can have none with them: 'tis ſtrange a Man can't come amongſt virtuous Women now, but upon the ſame terms, as Men are admitted into the great Turks Seraglio; but Heavens keep me, from being an hombre Player with'em: but where is *Pinchwife*——

[*Exit* Dorilant.

Sr. Jaſ. Come, come, Man; what avoid the ſweet ſociety of Woman-kind? that ſweet, ſoft, gentle, tame, noble Creature Woman, made for Man's Companion——

Hor. So is that ſoft, gentle, tame, and more noble Creature a Spaniel, and has all their tricks, can fawn, lye down, ſuffer beating, and fawn the more; barks at your Friends, when they come to ſee you; makes your bed hard, gives you Fleas, and the mange ſometimes: and all the difference is, the Spaniel's the more faithful Animal, and fawns but upon one Maſter.

Sr. Jaſ. Heh, he, he.

Squeam. O the rude Beaſt.

Dain. Inſolent brute.

Lad. Brute! ſtinking mortify'd rotten French Weather, to dare——

Sr. Jaſ. Hold, an't pleaſe your Ladyſhip; for ſhame Maſter, *Horner*,

Horner your Mother was a Woman—— [Now ſhall I never reconcile'em] [*Aſide.*

Hark you, Madam, take my advice in your anger; you know you often want one to make up your droling pack of hombre Players; and you may cheat him eaſily, for he's an ill Gameſter, and conſequently loves play: Beſides you know, you have but two old civil Gentlemen (with ſtinking breaths too) to wait upon you abroad, take in the third, into your ſervice; the other are but crazy: and a Lady ſhou'd have a ſupernumerary Gentleman-Uſher, as a ſupernumerary Coach-horſe, leaſt ſometimes you ſhou'd be forc'd to ſtay at home.

Lad. But are you ſure he loves play, and has money?

Sr. Jaſ. He loves play as much as you, and has money as much as I.

Lad. Then I am contented to make him pay for his ſcurrillity; money makes up in a meaſure all other wants in Men.— Thoſe whom we cannot make hold for Gallants, we make fine. [*Aſide.*

Sr. Jaſ. So, ſo; now to mollify, to wheedle him,— [*Aſide.* Maſter *Horner* will you never keep civil Company, methinks 'tis time now, ſince you are only fit for them: Come, come, Man you muſt e'en fall to viſiting our Wives, eating at our Tables, drinking Tea with our virtuous Relations after dinner, dealing Cards to'em, reading Plays, and Gazets to'em, picking Fleas out of their ſhocks for'em, collecting Receipts, New Songs, Women, Pages, and Footmen for'em.

Hor. I hope they'l afford me better employment, Sir.

Sr. Jaſ. Heh, he, he, 'tis fit you know your work before you come into your place; and ſince you are unprovided of a Lady to flatter, and a good houſe to eat at, pray frequent mine, and call my Wife Miſtriſs, and ſhe ſhall call you Gallant, according to the cuſtom.

Hor. Who I?——

Sr. Jaſ. Faith, thou ſha't for my ſake, come for my ſake only.

Hor. For your ſake——

Sr. Jaſ. Come, come, here's a Gameſter for you, let him

be a little familiar ſometimes; nay, what if a little rude; Gameſters may be rude with Ladies, you know.

Lad. Yes, loſing Gameſters have a privilege with Women.

Hor. I alwayes thought the contrary, that the winning Gameſter had moſt privilege with Women, for when you have loſt your money to a Man, you'l looſe any thing you have, all you have, they ſay, and he may uſe you as he pleaſes.

Sr. Jaſ. Heh, he, he, well, win or looſe you ſhall have your liberty with her.

Lad. As he behaves himſelf; and for your ſake I'll give him admittance and freedom.

Hor. All ſorts of freedom, Madam?

Sr. Jaſ. Ay, ay, ay, all ſorts of freedom thou can'ſt take, and ſo go to her, begin thy new employment; wheedle her, jeſt with her, and be better acquainted one with another.

Hor. I think I know her already, therefore may venter with her, my ſecret for hers—— [*Aſide.*

[Horner, *and Lady* Fidget *whiſper.*

Sr. Jaſ. Siſter *Cuz*, I have provided an innocent Play-fellow for you there.

Dain. Who he!

Squeam. There's a Play-fellow indeed.

Sr. Jaſ. Yes ſure, what he is good enough to play at Cards, Blind-mans buff, or the fool with ſometimes.

Squeam. Foh, we'l have no ſuch Play-fellows.

Dain. No, Sir, you ſhan't chooſe Play-fellows for us, we thank you.

Sr. Jaſ. Nay, pray hear me. [*Whiſpering to them.*

Lad. But, poor Gentleman, cou'd you be ſo generous? ſo truly a Man of honour, as for the ſakes of us Women of honour, to cauſe your ſelf to be reported no Man? No Man! and to ſuffer your ſelf the greateſt ſhame that cou'd fall upon a Man, that none might fall upon us Women by your converſation; but indeed, Sir, as perfectly, perfectly, the ſame Man as before your going into *France*, Sir; as perfectly, perfectly, Sir.

Hor.

Hor. As perfectly, perfectly, Madam; nay, I ſcorn you ſhou'd take my word; I deſire to be try'd only, Madam.

Lad. Well, that's ſpoken again like a Man of honour, all Men of honour deſire to come to the teſt: But indeed, generally you Men report ſuch things of your ſelves, one does not know how, or whom to believe; and it is come to that paſs, we dare not take your words, no more than your Taylors, without ſome ſtaid Servant of yours be bound with you; but I have ſo ſtrong a faith in your honour, dear, dear, noble Sir, that I'd forfeit mine for yours at any time, dear Sir.

Hor. No, Madam, you ſhou'd not need to forfeit it for me, I have given you ſecurity already to ſave you harmleſs my late reputation being ſo well known in the World, Madam.

Lady. But if upon any future falling out, or upon a ſuſpition of my taking the truſt out of your hands, to employ ſome other, you your ſelf ſhou'd betray your truſt, dear Sir; I mean, if you'l give me leave to ſpeak obſcenely, you might tell, dear Sir.

Hor. If I did, no body wou'd believe me; the reputation of impotency is as hardly recover'd again in the World, as that of cowardiſe, dear Madam.

Lad. Nay then, as one may ſay, you may do your worſt, dear, dear, Sir.

Sr. Jaſ. Come, is your Ladyſhip reconciled to him yet? have you agreed on matters? for I muſt be gone to *Whitehal.*

Lad. Why, indeed, Sir *Jaſpar*, Maſter *Horner* is a thouſand, thouſand times a better Man, than I thought him: Coſen *Squeamiſh*, Siſter *Dainty*, I can name him now, truly not long ago you know, I thought his very name obſcenity, and I wou'd as ſoon have lain with him, as have nam'd him.

Sr. Jaſ. Very likely, poor Madam.

Dain. I believe it.

Squeam. No doubt on't.

Sr. Jaſ. Well, well——that your Ladyſhip is as virtuous as any ſhe,—I know, and him all the Town knows—heh, he, hes;

he; therefore now you like him, get you gone to your buſineſs together; go, go, to your buſineſs, I ſay, pleaſure, whilſt I go to my pleaſure, buſineſs.

Lad. Come than dear Gallant.

Hor. Come away, my deareſt Miſtriſs.

Sr. Jaſ. So, ſo, why 'tis as I'd have it. [*Exit Sr.* Jaſpar.

Hor. And as I'd have it.

Lad. Who for his buſineſs, from his Wife will run;
Takes the beſt care, to have her bus'neſs done.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT 3. SCENE 1.

Alithea, *and Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Alith. SIſter, what ailes you, you are grown melancholy?

Mrs. Pin. Wou'd it not make any one melancholy, to ſee you go every day fluttering about abroad, whil'ſt I muſt ſtay at home like a poor lonely, ſullen Bird in a cage?

Alit. Ay, Siſter, but you came young, and juſt from the neſt to your cage, ſo that I thought you lik'd it; and cou'd be as chearful in't, as others that took their flight themſelves early, and are hopping abroad in the open Air.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, I confeſs I was quiet enough, till my Husband told me, what pure lives, the *London* Ladies live abroad, with their dancing, meetings, and junketings, and dreſt every day in their beſt gowns; and I warrant you, play at nine Pins every day of the week, ſo they do.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Come, what's here to do? you are putting the Town pleaſures in her head, and ſetting her a longing.

Alit. Yes, after Nine-pins; you ſuffer none to give her thoſe longings, you mean, but your ſelf.

Mr. Pin. I tell her of the vanities of the Town like a Confeſſor.

Alit.

Alith. A Confeſſor! juſt ſuch a Confeſſor, as he that by forbidding a ſilly Oaſtler to greaſe the Horſes teeth, taught him to do't.

Mr. Pin. Come Miſtriſs *Flippant*, good Precepts are loſt, when bad Examples are ſtill before us; the liberty you take abroad makes her hanker after it; and out of humour at home, poor Wretch! ſhe deſired not to come to *London*, I wou'd bring her.

Alith. Very well.

Mr. Pin. She has been this week in Town, and never deſired, till this afternoon, to go abroad.

Alith. Was ſhe not at a Play yeſterday?

Mr. Pin. Yes, but ſhe ne'er ask'd me; I was my ſelf the cauſe of her going.

Alith. Then if ſhe ask you again, you are the cauſe of her asking, and not my example.

Mr. Pin. Well, to morrow night I ſhall be rid of you; and the next day before 'tis light, ſhe and I'll be rid of the Town, and my dreadful apprehenſions: Come, be not melancholly, for thou ſha't go into the Country after to morrow, Deareſt.

Alith. Great comfort.

Mrs. Pin. Piſh, what d'ye tell me of the Country for?

Mr. Pin. How's this! what, piſh at the Country?

Mrs. Pin. Let me alone, I am not well.

Mr. Pin. O, if that be all——what ailes my deareſt?

Mrs. Pin. Truly I don't know; but I have not been well, ſince you told me there was a Gallant at the Play in love with me.

Mr. Pin. Ha——

Alith. That's by my example too.

Mr. Pin. Nay, if you are not well, but are ſo concern'd, becauſe a lew'd Fellow chanc'd to lye, and ſay he lik'd you, you'l make me ſick too.

Mrs. Pin. Of what ſickneſs?

Mr. Pin. O, of that which is worſe than the Plague, Jealouſy.

Mrs. Pin. Piſh, you jear, I'm ſure there's no ſuch diſeaſe in our Receipt-book at home.

Mr. Pin. No; thou never met'ſt with it, poor Innocent—— well, if thou Cuckold me, 'twill be my own fault—— for Cuckolds and Baſtards, are generally makers of their own fortune. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Pin. Well, but pray Bud, let's go to a Play to night.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis juſt done, ſhe comes from it; but why are you ſo eager to ſee a Play?

Mrs. Pin. Faith Dear, not that I care one pin for their talk there; but I like to look upon the Player-men, and wou'd ſee, if I cou'd, the Gallant you ſay loves me; that's all dear Bud.

Mr. Pin. Is that all dear Bud?

Alith. This proceeds from my example.

Mrs. Pin. But if the Play be done, let's go abroad however, dear Bud.

Mr. Pin. Come have a little patience, and thou ſhalt go into the Country on Friday.

Mrs. Pin. Therefore I wou'd ſee firſt ſome fights, to tell my Neighbours of. Nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

Alith. I'm the cauſe of this deſire too.

Mr. Pin. But now I think on't, who was the cauſe of *Horners* coming to my Lodging to day? that was you.

Alith. No, you, becauſe you wou'd not let him ſee your handſome Wife out of your Lodging.

Mrs. Pin. Why, O Lord! did the Gentleman come hither to ſee me indeed?

Mr. Pin. No, no;——You are not cauſe of that damn'd queſtion too, Miſtriſs *Alithea?*——[Well ſhe's in the right of it; he is in love with my Wife——and comes after her—— 'tis ſo——but I'll nip his love in the bud; leaſt he ſhould follow us into the Country, and break his Chariot-wheel near our houſe, on purpoſe for an excuſe to come to't; but I think I know the Town. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Pin. Come, pray Bud, let's go abroad before 'tis late; for I will go, that's flat and plain.

Mr. Pin. So! the obſtinacy already of a Town-wife, and I muſt, whilſt ſhe's here, humour her like one. [*Aſide.* Siſter, how ſhall we do, that ſhe may not be ſeen, or known?

Alith. Let her put on her Mask. *Mr. Pin.*

Mr. Pin. Pſhaw, a Mask makes People but the more inquiſitive, and is as ridiculous a diſguiſe, as a ſtage-beard; her ſhape, ſtature, habit will be known: and if we ſhou'd meet with *Horner*, he wou'd be ſure to take acquaintance with us, muſt wiſh her joy, kiſs her, talk to her, leer upon her, and the Devil and all; no I'll not uſe her to a Mask, 'tis dangerous; for Masks have made more Cuckolds, than the beſt faces that ever were known.

Alith. How will you do then?

Mrs. Pin. Nay, ſhall we go? the *Exchange* will be ſhut, and I have a mind to ſee that.

Mr. Pin. So——I have it——I'll dreſs her up in the Suit, we are to carry down to her Brother, little Sir *James*; nay, I underſtand the Town tricks: Come let's go dreſs her; a Mask! no——a Woman mask'd, like a cover'd Diſh, gives a Man curioſity, and appetite, when, it may be, uncover'd, 'twou'd turn his ſtomack; no, no.

Alith. Indeed your compariſon is ſomething a greaſie one: but I had a gentle Gallant, us'd to ſay, a Beauty mask'd, lik'd the Sun in Eclipſe, gathers together more gazers, than if it ſhin'd out. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to the new Exchange: *Enter* Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant.

Dor. Engag'd to Women, and not Sup with us?

Hor. Ay, a Pox on'em all.

Har. You were much a more reaſonable Man in the morning, and had as noble reſolutions againſt'em, as a Widdower of a weeks liberty.

Dor. Did I ever think, to ſee you keep company with Women in vain.

Hor. In vain! no——'tis, ſince I can't love'em, to be reveng'd on'em.

Har. Now your Sting is gone, you look'd in the Box amongſt all thoſe Women, like a drone in the hive, all upon you; ſhov'd and ill-us'd by'em all, and thruſt from one ſide to t'other.

Dar. Yet he muſt be buzzing amongſt'em ſtill, like other old beetle-headed, lycoriſh drones; avoid'em, and hate'm as they hate you.

Hor, Becauſe I do hate'em, and wou'd hate'em yet more, I'll frequent'em; you may ſee by Marriage, nothing makes a Man hate a Woman more, than her conſtant converſation: In ſhort, I converſe with'em, as you do with rich Fools, to laugh at'em, and uſe'em ill.

Dor. But I wou'd no more Sup with Women, unleſs I cou'd lye with'em, than Sup with a rich Coxcomb, unleſs I cou'd cheat him.

Hor. Yes, I have known thee Sup with a Fool, for his drinking, if he cou'd ſet out your hand that way only, you were ſatisfy'd; and if he were a Wine-ſwallowing mouth 'twas enough.

Har. Yes, a Man drink's often with a Fool, as he toſſes with a Marker, only to keep his hand in Ure; but do the Ladies drink?

Hor. Yes, Sir, and I ſhall have the pleaſure at leaſt of laying'em flat with a Bottle; and bring as much ſcandal that way upon'em, as formerly t'other.

Har. Perhaps you may prove as weak a Brother amongſt'em that way, as t'other.

Dor. Foh, drinking with Women, is as unnatural, as ſcolding with'em; but 'tis a pleaſure of decay'd Fornicators, and the baſeſt way of quenching Love.

Har. Nay, 'tis drowning Love, inſtead of quenching it; but leave us for civil Women too!

Dor. Ay, when he can't be the better for'em; we hardly pardon a Man, that leaves his Friend for a Wench, and that's a pretty lawful call.

Hor. Faith, I wou'd not leave you for'em, if they wou'd not drink.

Dor. Who wou'd diſappoint his Company at *Lewis*'s, for a Goſſiping?

Har. Foh, Wine and Women good apart, together as nauſeous as Sack and Sugar: But hark you, Sir, before you go, a little of your advice, an old maim'd General, when unfit for action is fitteſt for Counſel; I have other deſigns upon Women, than eating and drinking with them: I am in love.

love with *Sparkiſh*'s Miſtriſs, whom he is to marry to morrow, now how ſhall I get her?

Enter Sparkiſh, *looking about.*

Hor. Why, here comes one will help you to her.

Har. He! he, I tell you, is my Rival, and will hinder my love.

Hor. No, a fooliſh Rival, and a jealous Husband aſſiſt their Rivals deſigns; for they are ſure to make their Women hate them, which is the firſt ſtep to their love, for another Man.

Har. But I cannot come near his Miſtriſs, but in his company.

Hor. Still the better for you, for Fools are moſt eaſily cheated, when they themſelves are acceſſaries; and he is to be bubled of his Miſtriſs, as of his Money, the common Miſtriſs, by keeping him company.

Spar. Who is that, that is to be bubled? Faith let me ſnack, I han't met with a buble ſince Chriſtmas: gad; I think bubles are like their Brother Woodcocks, go out with the cold weather.

Har. A Pox, he did not hear all I hope. [*Apart to* Horner.

Spar. Come, you bubling Rogues you, where do we ſup——Oh, *Harcourt*, my Miſtriſs tells me, you have been making fierce love to her all the Play long, hah, ha——but I——

Har. I make love to her?

Spar. Nay, I forgive thee; for I think I know thee, and I know her, but I am ſure I know my ſelf.

Har. Did ſhe tell you ſo? I ſee all Women are like theſe of the *Exchange*, who to enhance the price of their commodities, report to their fond Cuſtomers offers which were never made'em.

Hor. Ay, Women are as apt to tell before the intrigue, as Men after it, and ſo ſhew themſelves the vainer Sex; but haſt thou a Miſtriſs, *Sparkiſh*? 'tis as hard for me to believe it, as that thou ever hadſt a buble, as you brag'd juſt now.

Spar. O your Servant, Sir; are you at your raillery, Sir? but we were ſome of us beforehand with you to day at the

Play: the Wits were ſomething bold with you, Sir; did you not hear us laugh?

Har. Yes, But I thought you had gone to Plays, to laugh at the Poets wit, not at your own.

Spar. Your Servant, Sir, no I thank you; gad I go to a Play as to a Country-treat, I carry my own wine to one, and my own wit to t'other, or elſe I'm ſure I ſhou'd not be merry at either; and the reaſon why we are ſo often lowder, than the Players, is, becauſe we think we ſpeak more wit, and ſo become the Poets Rivals in his audience: for to tell you the truth, we hate the ſilly Rogues; nay, ſo much that we find fault even with their Bawdy upon the Stage, whilſt we talk nothing elſe in the Pit as lowd.

Hor. But, why ſhould'ſt thou hate the ſilly Poets, thou haſt too much wit to be one, and they like Whores are only hated by each other; and thou doſt ſcorn writing, I'am ſure.

Spar. Yes, I'd have you to know, I ſcorn writing; but Women, Women, that make Men do all fooliſh things, make'em write Songs too; every body does it: 'tis ev'n as common with Lovers, as playing with fans; and you can no more help Rhyming to your *Phyllis*, than drinking to your *Phyllis*.

Har. Nay, Poetry in love is no more to be avoided, than jealouſy.

Dor. But the Poets damn'd your Songs, did they?

Spar. Damn the Poets, they turn'd'em into Burleſque, as they call it; that Burleſque is a *Hocus-Pocus*-trick, they have got, which by the virtue of *Hictius doctius*, *topſey turvey*, they make a wiſe and witty Man in the World, a Fool upon the Stage you know not how; and 'tis therefore I hate'em too, for I know not but it may be my own caſe; for they'l put a Man into a Play for looking a Squint: Their Predeceſſors were contented to make Serving-men only their Stage-Fools, but theſe Rogues muſt have Gentlemen, with a Pox to'em, nay Knights: and indeed you ſhall hardly ſee a Fool upon the Stage, but he's a Knight; and to tell you the truth, they have kept me theſe ſix years from being a Knight in earneſt, for fear of being knighted in a Play, and dubb'd a Fool.

Dor.

Dor. Blame'em not, they muſt follow their Copy, the Age.

Har. But why ſhould'ſt thou be afraid of being in a Play, who expoſe your ſelf every day in the Play-houſes, and as publick Places.

Hor. 'Tis but being on the Stage, inſtead of ſtanding on a Bench in the Pit.

Dor. Don't you give money to Painters to draw you like? and are you afraid of your Pictures, at length in a Play-houſe, where all your Miſtreſſes may ſee you.

Spar. A Pox, Painters don't draw the Small Pox, or Pimples in ones face; come damn all your ſilly Authors whatever, all Books and Bookſellers, by the World, and all Readers, courteous or uncourteous.

Har. But, who comes here, *Sparkiſh?*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, *and his Wife in Mans Cloaths,* Alithea, Lucy *her Maid.*

Spar. Oh hide me, there's my Miſtriſs too. | Sparkiſh *hides himſelf behind* Harcourt.

Har. She ſees you.

Spar. But I will not ſee her, 'tis time to go to *Whitehal*, and I muſt not fail the drawing Room.

Har. Pray, firſt carry me, and reconcile me to her.

Spar. Another time, faith the King will have ſup't.

Har. Not with the worſe ſtomach for thy abſence; thou art one of thoſe Fools, that think their attendance at the King's Meals, as neceſſary as his Phyſicians, when you are more troubleſom to him, than his Doctors, or his Dogs.

Spar. Pſhaw, I know my intereſt, Sir, prethee hide me.

Hor. Your Servant, *Pinchwife*,—— what he knows us not——

Mr. Pin. Come along. [*To his Wife aſide.*

Mrs. Pin. Pray, have you any Ballads, give me ſix-penny worth?

Claſs. We have no Ballads.

Mrs. Pin. Then give me *Covent-garden*-Drollery, and a Play or two——Oh here's *Tarugos* Wiles, and the Slighted Maiden, I'll have them.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. No, Playes are not for your reading; come along, will you diſcover your ſelf? [*Apart to her.*

Hor. Who is that pretty Youth with him, *Sparkiſh?*

Spar. I believe his Wife's Brother, becauſe he's ſomething like her, but I never ſaw her but once.

Hor. Extreamly handſom, I have ſeen a face like it too; let us follow 'em.

Exeunt Pinchwife, *Miſtriſs* Pinchwife. Alithea, Lucy, Horner, Dorilant *following them.*

Har. Come, *Sparkiſh*, your Miſtriſs ſaw you, and will be angry you go not to her; beſides I wou'd fain be reconcil'd to her, which none but you can do, dear Friend.

Spar. Well that's a better reaſon, dear Friend; I wou'd not go near her now, for her's, or my own ſake, but I can deny you nothing; for though I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee, as well as a new Acquaintance.

Har. I am oblig'd to you indeed, dear Friend, I wou'd be well with her only, to be well with thee ſtill; for theſe tyes to Wives uſually diſſolve all tyes to Friends: I wou'd be contented, ſhe ſhou'd enjoy you a nights, but I wou'd have you to my ſelf a dayes, as I have had, dear Friend.

Spar. And thou ſhalt enjoy me a dayes, dear, dear Friend, never ſtir; and I'll be divorced from her, ſooner than from thee; come along——

Har. So we are hard put to't, when we make our Rival our Procurer; but neither ſhe, nor her Brother, wou'd let me come near her now: when all's done, a Rival is the beſt cloak to ſteal to a Miſtreſs under, without ſuſpicion; and when we have once got to her as we deſire, we throw him off like other Cloaks. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Sparkiſh, *and* Harcourt *following him.*

Re-enter Mr. Pinchwife, *Miſtreſs* Pinchwife *in Man's Cloaths.*

Mr. Pin. Siſter, if you will not go, we muſt leave you—— [*To* Alithea.

The Fool her Gallant, and ſhe, will muſter up all the young San-

ſanterers of this place, and they will leave their dear Seamſtreſſes to follow us; what a ſwarm of Cuckolds, and Cuckold-makers are here? [*Aſide.*

Come let's be gone Miſtriſs *Margery.*

Mrs. Pin. Don't you believe that, I han't half my belly full of ſights yet.

Mr. Pin. Then walk this way.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what a power of brave ſigns are here! ſtay—— the Bull's-head, the Rams-head, and the Stags-head, Dear——

Mr. Pin. Nay, if every Huſbands proper ſign here were viſible, they wou'd be all alike.

Mrs. Pin. What d'ye mean by that, Bud?

Mr. Pin. 'Tis no matter——no matter, Bud.

Mrs. Pin. Pray tell me; nay, I will know.

Mr. Pin. They wou'd be all Bulls, Stags, and Rams heads.

[*Exeunt Mr.* Pinchwife, *Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Re-enter Sparkiſh, Harcourt, Alithea, Lucy, *at t'other door.*

Spar. Come, dear Madam, for my ſake you ſhall be reconciled to him.

Alith. For your ſake I hate him.

Har. That's ſomething too cruel, Madam, to hate me for his ſake.

Spar. Ay indeed, Madam, too, too cruel to me, to hate my Friend for my ſake.

Alith. I hate him becauſe he is your Enemy; and you ought to hate him too, for making love to me, if you love me.

Spar. That's a good one, I hate a Man for loving you; if he did love you, 'tis but what he can't help, and 'tis your fault not his, if he admires you: I hate a Man for being of my opinion, I'll ne'er do't, by the World.

Alith. Is it for your honour or mine, to ſuffer a Man to make love to me, who am to marry you to morrow?

Spar. Is it for your honour or mine, to have me jealous? That he makes love to you, is a ſign you are handſome; and that I am not jealous, is a ſign you are virtuous, that I think is for your honour.

Alith. But 'tis your honour too, I am concerned for.

Har. But why, dearest Madam, will you be more concern'd for his honour, than he is himself; let his honour alone for my sake, and his, he, he, has no honour——

Spar. How's that?

Har. But what, my dear Friend can guard himself.

Spar. O ho——that's right again.

Har. Your care of his honour argues his neglect of it, which is no honour to my dear Friend here; therefore once more, let his honour go which way it will, dear Madam.

Spar. Ay, ay, were it for my honour to marry a Woman, whose virtue I suspected, and cou'd not trust her in a Friends hands?

Alith. Are you not afraid to loose me?

Har. He afraid to loose you, Madam! No, no——you may see how the most estimable, and most glorious Creature in the World, is valued by him; will you not see it?

Spar. Right, honest *Franck*, I have that noble value for her, that I cannot be jealous of her.

Alith. You mistake him, he means you care not for me, nor who has me.

Spar. Lord, Madam, I see you are jealous; will you wrest a poor Mans meaning from his words?

Alith. You astonish me, Sir, with your want of jealousie.

Spar. And you make me guiddy, Madam, with your jealousie, and fears, and virtue, and honour; gad, I see virtue makes a Woman as troublesome, as a little reading, or learning.

Alith. Monstrous!

Lucy. [Well to see what easie Husbands these Women of quality can meet with, a poor Chamber-maid can never have such Lady-like luck; besides he's thrown away upon her, she'l make no use of her fortune, her blessing, none to a Gentleman, for a pure Cuckold, for it requires good breeding to be a Cuckold. [*Behind.*

Alith. I tell you then plainly, he pursues me to marry me.

Spar. Pshaw——

Har.

Har. Come, Madam, you ſee you ſtrive in vain to make him jealous of me; my dear Friend is the kindeſt Creature in the World to me.

Spar. Poor fellow.

Har. But his kindneſs only is not enough for me, without your favour; your good opinion, dear Madam, 'tis that muſt perfect my happineſs: good Gentleman he believes all I ſay, wou'd you wou'd do ſo, jealous of me! I wou'd not wrong him nor you for the World.

Spar. Look you there; hear him, hear him, and do not walk away ſo. | Alithea *walks careleſsly, to and fro.*

Har. I love you, Madam, ſo——

Spar. How's that! Nay——now you begin to go too far indeed.

Har. So much I confeſs, I ſay I love you, that I wou'd not have you miſerable, and caſt your ſelf away upon ſo unworthy, and inconſiderable a thing, as what you ſee here, | *Clapping his hand on his breaſt, points at* Sparkiſh.

Spar. No faith, I believe thou woud'ſt not, now his meaning is plain: but I knew before thou woud'ſt not wrong me nor her.

Har. No, no, Heavens forbid, the glory of her Sex ſhou'd fall ſo low as into the embraces of ſuch a contemptible Wretch, the laſt of Mankind——my dear Friend here—— I injure him. [*Embracing Sparkiſh.*

Alith. Very well.

Spar. No, no, dear Friend, I knew it Madam, you ſee he will rather wrong himſelf than me, in giving himſelf ſuch names.

Alith. Do not you underſtand him yet?

Spar. Yes, how modeſtly he ſpeaks of himſelf, poor Fellow.

Alith. Methinks he ſpeaks impudently of your ſelf, ſince—— before your ſelf too, inſomuch that I can no longer ſuffer his ſcurrilous abuſiveneſs to you, no more than his love to me. [*Offers to go.*

Spar. Nay, nay, Madam, pray ſtay, his love to you: Lord, Madam, has he not ſpoke yet plain enough?

Alith. Yes indeed, I ſhou'd think ſo.

Spar. Well then, by the World, a Man can't ſpeak civilly to a Woman now, but preſently ſhe ſays, he makes love to her: Nay, Madam, you ſhall ſtay, with your pardon, ſince you have not yet underſtood him, till he has made an eclairciſment of his love to you, that is what kind of love it is; anſwer to thy Catechiſme: Friend, do you love my Miſtriſs here?

Har. Yes, I wiſh ſhe wou'd not doubt it.

Spar. But how do you love her?

Har. With all my Soul.

Alith. I thank him, methinks he ſpeaks plain enough now.

Spar. You are out ſtill. [*to* Alithea.
But with what kind of love, *Harcourt*?

Har. With the beſt, and trueſt love in the World.

Spar. Look you there then, that is with no matrimonial love, I'm ſure.

Alith. How's that, do you ſay matrimonial love is not beſt?

Spar. Gad, I went too far e're I was aware: But ſpeak for thy ſelf *Harcourt*, you ſaid you wou'd not wrong me, nor her.

Har. No, no, Madam, e'n take him for Heaven's ſake.

Spar. Look you there, Madam.

Har. Who ſhou'd in all juſtice be yours, he that loves you moſt. | *Claps his hand on his breaſt.*

Alith. Look you there, Mr. *Sparkiſh*, who's that?

Spar. Who ſhou'd it be? go on *Harcourt*.

Har. Who loves you more than Women, Titles, or fortune Fools. [*Points at* Sparkiſh.

Spar. Look you there, he means me ſtil, for he points at me.

Alith. Ridiculous!

Har. Who can only match your Faith, and conſtancy in love.

Spar. Ay.

Har.

Har. Who knows, if it be poſſible, how to value ſo much beauty and virtue.

Spar. Ay.

Har. Whoſe love can no more be equall'd in the world, than that Heavenly form of yours.

Spar. No——

Har. Who cou'd no more ſuffer a Rival, than your abſence, and yet cou'd no more ſuſpect your virtue, than his own conſtancy in his love to you.

Spar. No——

Har. Who in fine loves you better than his eyes, that firſt made him love you.

Spar. Ay——nay, Madam, faith you ſhan't go, till——

Alith. Have a care, leſt you make me ſtay too long——

Spar. But till he has ſaluted you; that I may be aſſur'd you are friends, after his honeſt advice and declaration: Come pray, Madam, be friends with him.

Enter Maſter Pinchwife, *Miſtriſs* Pinchwife.

Alith. You muſt pardon me, Sir, that I am not yet ſo obedient to you.

Mr. Pin. What, invite your Wife to kiſs Men? Monſtrous, are you not aſham'd? I will never forgive you.

Spar. Are you not aſham'd, that I ſhou'd have more confidence in the chaſtity of your Family, than you have; you muſt not teach me, I am a man of honour, Sir, though I am frank and free; I am frank, Sir——

Mr. Pin. Very frank, Sir, to ſhare your Wife with your friends.

Spar. He is an humble, menial Friend, ſuch as reconciles the differences of the Marriage-bed; you know Man and Wife do not alwayes agree, I deſign him for that uſe, therefore wou'd have him well with my Wife.

Mr. Pin. A menial Friend——you will get a great many menial Friends, by ſhewing your Wife as you do.

Spar. What then, it may be I have a pleaſure in't, as I have to ſhew fine Clothes, at a Play-houſe the firſt day, and count money before poor Rogues.

Mr. Pin. He that ſhews his wife, or money will be in danger of having them borrowed ſometimes.

Spar. I love to be envy'd, and wou'd not marry a Wife, that I alone cou'd love; loving alone is as dull, as eating alone; is it not a frank age, and I am a frank Perſon? and to tell you the truth, it may be I love to have Rivals in a Wife, they make her ſeem to a Man ſtill, but as a kept Miſtriſs; and ſo good night, for I muſt to *Whitehal.* Madam, I hope you are now reconcil'd to my Friend; and ſo I wiſh you a good night, Madam, and ſleep if you can, for to morrow you know I muſt viſit you early with a Canonical Gentleman. Good night dear *Harcourt.* [*Exit* Sparkiſh.

Har. Madam, I hope you will not refuſe my viſit to morrow, if it ſhou'd be earlyer, with a Canonical Gentleman, than Mr. *Sparkiſh's.*

Mr. Pin. This Gentle-woman is yet under my care, therefore you muſt yet forbear your freedom with her, Sir. | *Coming between* Alithea *and* Harcourt.

Har. Muſt, Sir——

Mr. Pin. Yes, Sir, ſhe is my Siſter.

Har. 'Tis well ſhe is, Sir——for I muſt be her Servant, Sir. Madam——

Mr. Pin. Come away Siſter, we had been gone, if it had not been for you, and ſo avoided theſe lewd Rakehells, who ſeem to haunt us.

Enter Horner, Dorilant *to them.*

Hor. How now *Pinchwife?*

Mr. Pin. Your Servant.

Hor. What, I ſee a little time in the Country makes a Man turn wild and unſociable, and only fit to converſe with his Horſes, Dogs, and his Herds.

Mr. Pin. I have buſineſs, Sir, and muſt mind it; your buſineſs is pleaſure, therefore you and I muſt go different wayes.

Hor. Well, you may go on, but this pretty young Gentleman—— [*Takes hold of Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Har. The Lady——

Dor. And the Maid——

Hor.

Hor. Shall ſtay with us, for I ſuppoſe their buſineſs is the ſame with ours, pleaſure.

Mr. Pin. 'Sdeath he knows her, ſhe carries it ſo fillily, yet if he does not, I ſhou'd be more ſilly to diſcover it firſt. [*Aſide.*

Alith. Pray, let us go, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Come, come——

Hor. Had you not rather ſtay with us? [*to Mrs.* Pinchwife. Prethee *Pinchwife*, who is this pretty young Gentleman?

Mr. Pin. One to whom I'm a guardian.

[I wiſh I cou'd keep her out of your hands—— [*Aſide.*

Hor. Who is he? I never ſaw any thing ſo pretty in all my life.

Mr. Pin. Pſhaw, do not look upon him ſo much, he's a poor baſhful youth, you'l put him out of countenance. Come away Brother. [*Offers to take her away.*

Hor, O your Brother!

Mr. Pin. Yes, my Wifes Brother; come, come, ſhe'l ſtay ſupper for us.

Hor. I thought ſo, for he is very like her I ſaw you at the Play with, whom I told you, I was in love with.

Mrs. Pin. O Jeminy! is this he that was in love with me, I am glad on't I vow, for he's a curious fine Gentleman, and I love him already too. [*Aſide.*

Is this he Bud? [*to Mr.* Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Come away, come away. [*To his Wife.*

Hor. Why, what haſt are you in? why wont you let me talk with him?

Mr. Pin. Becauſe you'l debauch him, he's yet young and innocent, and I wou'd not have him debauch'd for any thing in the World.

How ſhe gazes on him! the Divel—— [*Aſide.*

Hor. Harcourt, Dorilant, look you here, this is the likeneſs of that Dowdey he told us of, his Wife, did you ever ſee a lovelyer Creature? the Rogue has reaſon to be jealous of his Wife, ſince ſhe is like him, for ſhe wou'd make all that ſee her, in love with her.

Har. And as I remember now, ſhe is as like him here as can be.

Dor.

Dor. She is indeed very pretty, if ſhe be like him.

Hor. Very pretty, a very pretty commendation——ſhe is a glorious Creature, beautiful beyond all things I ever beheld.

Mr. Pin. So, ſo.

Har. More beautiful than a Poets firſt Miſtriſs of Imagination.

Hor. Or another Mans laſt Miſtriſs of fleſh and blood.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, now you jeer, Sir; pray don't jeer me——

Mr. Pin. Come, come. [By Heavens ſhe'l diſcover her ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Hor. I ſpeak of your Siſter, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Ay, but ſaying ſhe was handſom, if like him, made him bluſh. [I am upon a wrack—— [*Aſide.*

Hor. Methinks he is ſo handſom, he ſhou'd not be a Man.

Mr. Pin. O there 'tis out, he has diſcovered her, I am not able to ſuffer any longer.

[Come, come away, I ſay—— [*To his Wife.*

Hor. Nay, by your leave, Sir, he ſhall not go yet—— *Harcourt, Dorilant*, let us torment this jealous Rogue a little. [*To them.*

Har. } How?
Dor. }

Hor. I'll ſhew you.

Mr. Pin. Come, pray let him go, I cannot ſtay fooling any longer; I tell you his Siſter ſtays ſupper for us.

Hor. Do's ſhe, come then we'l all go ſup with her and thee.

Mr. Pin. No, now I think on't, having ſtaid ſo long for us, I warrant ſhe's gone to bed—— [I wiſh ſhe and I were well out of their hands—— [*Aſide.*

Come, I muſt riſe early to morrow, come.

Hor. Well then, if ſhe be gone to bed, I wiſh her and you a good night. But pray, young Gentleman, preſent my humble ſervice to her.

Mrs. Pin. Thank you heartily, Sir.

Mr. Pin. S'death, ſhe will diſcover her ſelf yet in ſpight of me. [*Aſide.*

He

He is ſomething more civil to you, for your kindneſs to his Siſter, than I am, it ſeems.

Hor. Tell her, dear ſweet little Gentleman, for all your Brother there, that you have reviv'd the love, I had for her at firſt ſight in the Play-houſe.

Mrs. Pin. But did you love her indeed, and indeed?

Mr. Pin. So, ſo. [*Aſide.*

Away, I ſay.

Hor. Nay ſtay; yes indeed, and indeed, pray do you tell her ſo, and give her this kiſs from me. [*Kiſſes her.*

Mr. Pin. O Heavens! what do I ſuffer; now 'tis too plain he knows her, and yet—— [*Aſide.*

Hor. And this, and this—— [*Kiſſes her again.*

Mrs. Pin. What do you kiſs me for, I am no Woman.

Mr. Pin. So——there 'tis out. [*Aſide.*

Come, I cannot, nor will ſtay any longer.

Hor. Nay, they ſhall ſend your Lady a kiſs too; here *Harcourt*, *Dorilant*, will you not? [*They kiſs her.*

Mr. Pin. How, do I ſuffer this? was I not accuſing another juſt now, for this raſcally patience, in permitting his Wife to be kiſs'd before his face? ten thouſand ulcers gnaw away their lips. [*Aſide.*

Come, come.

Hor. Good night dear little Gentleman; Madam good-night; farewel *Pinchwife*. [Did not I tell you, I wou'd raiſe his jealous gall. [*Apart to* Harcourt *and* Dorilant.

[*Exeunt* Horner, Harcourt, *and* Dorilant.

Mr. Pin. So they are gone at laſt; ſtay, let me ſee firſt if the Coach be at this door. [*Exit.*

Hor. What not gone yet? will you be ſure to do as I deſired you, ſweet Sir? | Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant *return.*

Mrs. Pin. Sweet Sir, but what will you give me then?

Hor. Any thing, come away into the next walk. | *Exit* Horner, *haling away* *Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Alith. Hold, hold,—— what d'ye do?

Lucy. Stay, ſtay, hold——

Har. Hold Madam, hold, let him preſent him, he'l come preſently; nay, I will never let you go, till you anſwer my queſtion.

Lucy. For God's ſake, Sir, I muſt follow 'em.

Dor. No, I have ſomething to preſent you with too, you ſhan't follow them.

Alithea, Lucy *ſtruggling with* Harcourt, *and* Dorilant.

Pinchwife *returns.*

Mr. Pin. Where?——how?—what's become of? gone—whither?

Lucy. He's only gone with the Gentleman, who will give him ſomething, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Mr. Pin. Something——give him ſomething, with a Pox—where are they?

Alith. In the next walk only, Brother.

Mr. Pin. Only, only; where, where?

Exit Pinchwife, *and returns preſently, then goes out again.*

Har. What's the matter with him? why ſo much concern'd? but deareſt Madam——

Alith. Pray, let me go, Sir, I have ſaid, and ſuffer'd enough already.

Har. Then you will not look upon, nor pitty my ſufferings?

Alith. To look upon 'em, when I cannot help 'em, were cruelty, not pitty, therefore I will never ſee you more.

Har. Let me then, Madam, have my priviledge of a baniſhed Lover, complaining or railing, and giving you but a farewell reaſon; why, if you cannot condeſcend to marry me, you ſhou'd not take that wretch my Rival.

Alith. He only, not you, ſince my honour is engag'd ſo far to him, can give me a reaſon, why I ſhou'd not marry him; but if he be true, and what I think him to me, I muſt be ſo to him; your Servant, Sir.

Har. Have Women only conſtancy when 'tis a vice, and like fortune only true to fools?

Dor. Thou ſha't not ſtir thou robuſt Creature, you ſee I can deal with you, thereforefore you ſhou'd ſtay the rather, and

and be kind. [*To* Lucy, *who ſtruggles to get from him.*

Enter Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Gone, gone, not to be found; quite gone, ten thouſand plagues go with'em; which way went they?

Alith. But into t'other walk, Brother.

Lucy. Their buſineſs will be done preſently ſure, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, it can't be long in doing I'm ſure on't.

Alith. Are they not there?

Mr. Pin. No, you know where they are, you infamous Wretch, Eternal ſhame of your Family, which you do not diſhonour enough your ſelf, you think, but you muſt help her to do it too, thou legion of Bawds.

Alith. Good Brother.

Mr. Pin. Damn'd, damn'd Siſter.

Alith. Look you here, ſhe's coming.

Enter Miſtriſs Pinchwife *in Mans cloaths, running with her hat under her arm, full of Oranges and dried fruit,* Horner *following.*

Mrs. Pin. O dear Bud, look you here what I have got, ſee.

Mr. Pin. And what I have got here too, which you can't ſee. | *Aſide rubbing his forehead.*

Mrs. Pin. The fine Gentleman has given me better things yet.

Mr. Pin. Ha's he ſo? [Out of breath and colour'd— I muſt hold yet. [*Aſide.*

Hor. I have only given your little Brother an Orange, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Thank you, Sir. [*To* Horner.

You have only ſqueez'd my Orange, I ſuppoſe, and given it me again; yet I muſt have a City-patience. [*Aſide.*

Come, come away—— [*To his Wife.*

Mrs. Pin. Stay, till I have put up my fine things, Bud.

Enter Sir Jaſpar Fidget.

Sr. Jaſ. O Maſter *Horner*, come, come, the Ladies ſtay for you; your Miſtriſs, my Wife, wonders you make not more haſt to her.

Hor. I have ſtaid this half hour for you here, and 'tis your fault I am not now with your Wife.

Sr. Jaſ. But pray, don't let her know ſo much, the truth on't is, I was advancing a certain Project to his Majeſty, about——I'll tell you.

Hor. No, let's go, and hear it at your houſe: Good night ſweet little Gentleman; one kiſs more, you'l remember me now I hope. [*Kiſſes her.*

Dor. What, Sir *Jaſpar*, will you ſeparate Friends? he promis'd to ſup with us; and if you take him to your houſe, you'l be in danger of our company too.

Sr. Jaſ. Alas Gentlemen my houſe is not fit for you, there are none but civil Women there, which are not for your turn; he you know can bear with the ſociety of civil Women, now, ha, ha, ha; beſides he's one of my Family; ——he's—heh, heh, heh.

Dor. What is he?

Sr. Jaſ. Faith my Eunuch, ſince you'l have it, heh, he, he. [*Exit Sir* Jaſpar Fidget, *and* Horner.

Dor. I rather wiſh thou wert his, or my Cuckold: *Harcourt*, what a good Cuckold is loſt there, for want of a Man to make him one; thee and I cannot have *Horners* privilege, who can make uſe of it.

Har. Ay, to poor *Horner* 'tis like coming to an eſtate at threeſcore, when a Man can't be the better for't.

Mr. Pin. Come.

Mrs. Pin. Preſently Bud.

Dor. Come let us go too: Madam, your Servant. [*To* Alith. Good night Strapper.—— [*To* Lucy.

Har. Madam, though you will not let me have a good day, or night, I wiſh you one; but dare not name the other half of my wiſh.

Alith. Good night, Sir, for ever.

Mrs. Pin. I don't know where to put this here, dear Bud, you ſhall eat it; nay, you ſhall have part of the fine Gentlemans good things, or treat as you call it, when we come home.

Mr. Pin. Indeed I deſerve it, ſince I furniſh'd the beſt part of it. [*Strikes away the Orange.*

The

The Gallant treates, preſents, and gives the Ball;
But 'tis the abſent Cuckold, pays for all.

ACT 4. SCENE 1.

In Pinchwife's *houſe in the morning.*

Lucy, Alithea *dreſs'd in new Cloths.*

Lucy. WEll——Madam, now have I dreſs'd you, and ſet you out with ſo many ornaments, and ſpent upon you ounces of eſſence, and pulvilio; and all this for no other purpoſe, but as People adorn, and perfume a Corps, for a ſtinking ſecond-hand-grave, ſuch or as bad I think Maſter *Sparkiſh*'s bed.

Alith. Hold your peace.

Lucy. Nay, Madam, I will ask you the reaſon, why you wou'd baniſh poor Maſter *Harcourt* for ever from your ſight? how cou'd you be ſo hard-hearted?

Alith. 'Twas becauſe I was not hard-hearted.

Lucy. No, no; 'twas ſtark love and kindneſs, I warrant.

Alith. It was ſo; I wou'd ſee him no more, becauſe I love him.

Lucy. Hey day, a very pretty reaſon.

Alith. You do not underſtand me.

Lucy. I wiſh you may your ſelf.

Alith. I was engag'd to marry, you ſee, another man, whom my juſtice will not ſuffer me to deceive, or injure.

Lucy. Can there be a greater cheat, or wrong done to a Man, than to give him your perſon, without your heart, I ſhou'd make a conſcience of it.

Alith. I'll retrieve it for him after I am married a while.

Lucy. The Woman that marries to love better, will be as much miſtaken, as the Wencher that marries to live better. No; Madam, marrying to encreaſe love, is like gaming to become rich; alas you only looſe, what little ſtock you had before.

Alith. I find by your Rhetorick you have been brib'd to betray me.

Lucy. Only by his merit, that has brib'd your heart you ſee againſt your word, and rigid honour; but what a Divel is this honour? 'tis ſure a diſeaſe in the head, like the Megrim, or Falling-ſickneſs, that alwayes hurries People away to do themſelves miſchief; Men looſe their lives by it: Women what's dearer to'em, their love, the life of life.

Alith. Come, pray talk you no more of honour, nor Maſter *Harcourt*; I wiſh the other wou'd come, to ſecure my fidelity to him, and his right in me.

Lucy. You will marry him then?

Alith. Certainly, I have given him already my word, and will my hand too, to make it good when he comes.

Lucy. Well, I wiſh I may never ſtick pin more, if he be not an errant Natural, to t'other fine Gentleman.

Alith. I own he wants the wit of *Harcourt*, which I will diſpenſe withal, for another want he has, which is want of jealouſie, which men of wit ſeldom want.

Lucy. Lord, Madam, what ſhou'd you do with a fool to your Huſband, you intend to be honeſt don't you? then that husbandly virtue, credulity, is thrown away upon you.

Alith. He only that could ſuſpect my virtue, ſhou'd have cauſe to do it; 'tis *Sparkiſh*'s confidence in my truth, that obliges me to be ſo faithful to him.

Lucy. You are not ſure his opinion may laſt.

Alith. I am ſatisfied, 'tis impoſſible for him to be jealous, after the proofs I have had of him: Jealouſie in a Husband, Heaven defend me from it, it begets a thouſand plagues to a poor Woman, the loſs of her honour, her quiet, and her——

Lucy. And her pleaſure.

Alith. What d'ye mean, Impertinent?

Lucy. Liberty is a great pleaſure, Madam.

Alith. I ſay loſs of her honour, her quiet, nay, her life ſometimes; and what's as bad almoſt, the loſs of this Town, that is, ſhe is ſent into the Country, which is the laſt ill uſage of a Husband to a Wife, I think.

Lucy.

Lucy. O do's the wind lye there? [*Aside.*

Then of neceſſity, Madam, you think a man muſt carry his Wife into the Country, if he be wiſe; the Country is as terrible I find to our young Engliſh Ladies, as a Monaſtery to thoſe abroad: and on my Virginity, I think they wou'd rather marry a *London*-Goaler, than a high Sheriff of a County, ſince neither can ſtir from his employment: formerly Women of wit married Fools, for a great Eſtate, a fine ſeat, or the like; but now 'tis for a pretty ſeat only in *Lincoln's Inn-fields*, St. *James's-fields*, or the *Pall-mall*.

Enter to them Sparkiſh, *and* Harcourt *dreſs'd like a Parſon.*

Spar. Madam, your humble Servant, a happy day to you, and to us all.

Har. Amen.——

Alith. Who have we here?

Spar. My Chaplain ſaith——O Madam, poor *Harcourt* remembers his humble ſervice to you; and in obedience to your laſt commands, refrains coming into your ſight.

Alith. Is not that he?

Spar. No, fye no; but to ſhew that he ne're intended to hinder our Match has ſent his Brother here to joyn our hands: when I get me a Wife, I muſt get her a Chaplain, according to the Cuſtom; this is his Brother, and my Chaplain.

Alith. His Brother?

Lucy. And your Chaplain, to preach in your Pulpit then—— [*Aside.*

Alith. His Brother!

Spar. Nay, I knew you wou'd not believe it; I told you, Sir, ſhe wou'd take you for your Brother *Frank*.

Alith. Believe it!

Lucy. His Brother! hah, ha, he, he has a trick left ſtill it ſeems—— [*Aside.*

Spar. Come my deareſt, pray let us go to Church before the Canonical hour is paſt.

Alith. For ſhame you are abus'd ſtill.

Spar. By the World 'tis ſtrange now you are ſo incredulous.

Alith. 'Tis ſtrange you are ſo credulous.

Spar.

Spar. Deareſt of my life, hear me, I tell you this is *Ned Harcourt* of *Cambridge*, by the world, you ſee he has a ſneaking Colledg look; 'tis true he's ſomething like his Brother *Frank*, and they differ from each other no more than in their age, for they were Twins.

Lucy. Hah, ha, he.

Alith. Your Servant, Sir, I cannot be ſo deceiv'd, though you are; but come let's hear, how do you know what you affirm ſo confidently?

Spar. Why, I'll tell you all; *Frank Harcourt* coming to me this morning, to wiſh me joy and preſent his ſervice to you: I ask'd him, if he cou'd help me to a Parſon; whereupon he told me, he had a Brother in Town who was in Orders, and he went ſtraight away, and ſent him, you ſee there, to me.

Alith. Yes, *Frank* goes, and puts on a black-coat, then tell's you, he is *Ned*, that's all you have for't.

Spar. Pſhaw, pſhaw, I tell you by the ſame token, the Mid-wife put her Garter about *Frank*'s neck, to know'em aſunder, they were ſo like.

Alith. *Frank* tell's you this too.

Spar. Ay, and *Ned* there too; nay, they are both in a Story.

Alith. So, ſo, very fooliſh.

Spar. Lord, if you won't believe one, you had beſt trye him by your Chamber-maid there; for Chamber-maids muſt needs know Chaplains from other Men, they are ſo us'd to'em.

Lucy. Let's ſee; nay, I'll be ſworn he has the Canonical ſmirk, and the filthy, clammy palm of a Chaplain.

Alith. Well, moſt reverend Doctor, pray let us make an end of this fooling.

Har. With all my ſoul, Divine, Heavenly Creature, when you pleaſe.

Alith. He ſpeaks like a Chaplain indeed.

Spar. Why, was there not, ſoul, Divine, Heavenly, in what he ſaid.

Alith. Once more, moſt impertinent Black-coat, ceaſe your perſecution, and let us have a Concluſion of this ridiculous love.

Har.

Har. I had forgot, I muſt ſute my Stile to my Coat, or I wear it in vain. [*Aſide.*

Alith. I have no more patience left, let us make once an end of this troubleſome Love, I ſay.

Har. So be it, Seraphick Lady, when your Honour ſhall think it meet, and convenient ſo to do.

Spar. Gad I'm ſure none but a Chaplain cou'd ſpeak ſo, I think.

Alith. Let me tell you Sir, this dull trick will not ſerve your turn, though you delay our marriage, you ſhall not hinder it.

Har. Far be it from me, Munificent Patroneſs, to delay your Marriage, I deſire nothing more than to marry you preſently, which I might do, if you your ſelf wou'd; for my Noble, Good-natur'd and thrice Generous Patron here wou'd not hinder it.

Spar. No, poor man, not I faith.

Har. And now, Madam, let me tell you plainly, no body elſe ſhall marry you by Heavens, I'll die firſt, for I'm ſure I ſhou'd die after it.

Lucy. How his Love has made him forget his Function, as I have ſeen it in real Parſons.

Alith. That was ſpoken like a Chaplain too, now you underſtand him, I hope.

Spar. Poor man, he takes it hainouſly to be refus'd; I can't blame him, 'tis putting an indignity upon him not to be ſuffer'd, but you'l pardon me Madam, it ſhan't be, he ſhall marry us, come away, pray Madam.

Lucy. Hah, ha, he, more ado! 'tis late.

Alith. Invincible ſtupidity, I tell you he wou'd marry me, as your Rival, not as your Chaplain.

Spar. Come, come Madam. [*Pulling her away.*

Lucy. I pray Madam, do not refuſe this Reverend Divine, the honour and ſatisfaction of marrying you; for I dare ſay, he has ſet his heart upon't, good Doctor.

Alith. What can you hope, or deſign by this?

Har. I cou'd anſwer her, a reprieve for a day only, often

revokes a haſty doom; at worſt, if ſhe will not take mercy on me, and let me marry her, I have at leaſt the Lovers ſecond pleaſure, hindring my Rivals enjoyment, though but for a time.

Spar. Come Madam, 'tis e'ne twelve a clock, and my Mother charg'd me never to be married out of the Canonical hours; come, come, Lord here's ſuch a deal of modeſty, I warrant the firſt day.

Lucy. Yes, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, married women ſhew all their Modeſty the firſt day, becauſe married men ſhew all their love the firſt day. | *Exeunt* Sparkiſh, Alithea, Harcourt, *and* Lucy.

The Scene changes to a Bed-chamber, where appear Pinchwife, *Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Mr. Pinch. Come tell me, I ſay.

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, han't I told it an hundred times over.

Mr. Pinch. I wou'd try, if in the repetition of the ungrateful tale, I cou'd find her altering it in the leaſt circumſtance, for if her ſtory be falſe, ſhe is ſo too. [*Aſide.*

Come how was't Baggage?

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, what pleaſure you take to hear it ſure!

Mr. Pinch. No, you take more in telling it I find, but ſpeak how was't?

Mrs. Pinch. He carried me up into the houſe, next to the Exchange.

Mr. Pin. So, and you two were only in the room.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, for he ſent away a youth that was there, for ſome dryed fruit, and China Oranges.

Mr. Pin. Did he ſo? Damn him for it —— and for——.

Mrs. Pin. But preſently came up the Gentlewoman of the houſe.

Mr. Pin. O 'twas well ſhe did, but what did he do whileſt the fruit came?

Mrs. Pin. He kiſs'd me an hundred times, and told me he fancied he kiſs'd my fine Siſter, meaning me you know, whom he ſaid he lov'd with all his Soul, and bid me be ſure to tell her ſo, and to deſire her to be at her window, by eleven of the

the clock this morning, and he wou'd walk under it at that time.

Mr. Pin. And he was as good as his word, very punctual, a pox reward him for't. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pin. Well, and he said if you were not within, he wou'd come up to her, meaning me you know, Bud, still.

Mr. Pin. So —— he knew her certainly, but for this confession, I am oblig'd to her simplicity. [*Aside.*

But what you stood very still, when he kiss'd you?

Mrs. Pin. Yes I warrant you, wou'd you have had me discover'd my self?

Mr. Pin. But you told me, he did some beastliness to you, as you call'd it, what was't?

Mrs. Pin. Why, he put——

Mr. Pin. What?

Mrs. Pin. Why he put the tip of his tongue between my lips, and so mus'd me——and I said, I'd bite it.

Mr. Pin. An eternal canker seize it, for a dog.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, you need not be so angry with him neither, for to say truth, he has the sweetest breath I ever knew.

Mr. Pin. The Devil——you were satisfied with it then, and wou'd do it again.

Mrs. Pin. Not unless he shou'd force me.

Mr. Pin. Force you, changeling! I tell you no woman can be forced.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, but she may sure, by such a one as he, for he's a proper, goodly strong man, 'tis hard, let me tell you, to resist him.

Mr. Pin. So, 'tis plain she loves him, yet she has not love enough to make her conceal it from me, but the sight of him will increase her aversion for me, and love for him; and that love instruct her how to deceive me, and satisfie him, all Ideot as she is: Love, 'twas he gave women first their craft, their art of deluding; out of natures hands, they came plain, open, silly and fit for slaves, as she and Heaven intended 'em; but damn'd Love —— Well —— I must strangle that little Monster, whilest I can deal with him.

Go fetch Pen, Ink and Paper out of the next room:

Mrs Pin. Yes Bud. [*Exit Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Why ſhould Women have more invention in love than men? It can only be, becauſe they have more deſires, more ſolliciting paſſions, more luſt, and more of the Devil.

Miſtris Pinchwife *returns.* [*Aſide.*

Come, Minks, ſit down and write.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, dear Bud, but I can't do't very well.

Mr. Pin. I wiſh you cou'd not at all.

Mrs. Pin. But what ſhou'd I write for?

Mr. Pin. I'll have you write a Letter to your Lover.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, to the fine Gentleman a Letter!

Mr. Pin. Yes, to the fine Gentleman.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, you do but jeer; ſure you jeſt.

Mr. Pin. I am not ſo merry, come write as I bid you.

Mrs. Pin. What, do you think I am a fool?

Mr. Pin. She's afraid I would not dictate any love to him, therefore ſhe's unwilling; but you had beſt begin.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed, and indeed, but I won't, ſo I won't.

Mr. Pin. Why?

Mrs. Pin. Becauſe he's in Town, you may ſend for him if you will.

Mr. Pin. Very well, you wou'd have him brought to you; is it come to this? I ſay take the pen and write, or you'll provoke me.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what d'ye make a fool of me for? Don't I know that Letters are never writ, but from the Countrey to *London*, and from *London* into the Countrey; now he's in Town, and I am in Town too; therefore I can't write to him you know.

Mr. Pin. So I am glad it is no worſe, ſhe is innocent enough yet [*Aſide.*

Yes you may when your Huſband bids you write Letters to people that are in Town.

Mrs. Pin. O may I ſo! Then I'm ſatisfied.

Mr. Pin. Come begin —— Sir —— [*Dictates.*

Mrs. Pin. Shan't I ſay, Dear Sir? You know one ſays always

ways ſomething more than bare Sir.

Mr. Pin. Write as I bid you, or I will write Whore with this Penknife in your Face.

Mrs. Pin. Nay good Bud—Sir—— [*She writes.*

Mr. Pin. Though I ſuffer'd laſt night your nauſeous, loath'd Kiſſes and Embraces——Write

Mrs. Pin. Nay, why ſhou'd I ſay ſo, you know I told you, he had a ſweet breath.

Mr. Pin. Write.

Mrs. Pin. Let me but put out, loath'd.

Mr. Pin. Write I ſay.

Mrs. Pin. Well then. [*Writes.*

Mr. Pin. Let's ſee what have you writ?

Though I ſuffer'd laſt night your kiſſes and embraces——

[*Takes the paper, and reads.*

Thou impudent creature, where is nauſeous and loath'd?

Mrs. Pin. I can't abide to write ſuch filthy words.

Mr. Pin. Once more write as I'd have you, and queſtion it not, or I will ſpoil thy writing with this, I will ſtab out thoſe eyes that cauſe my miſchief. [*Holds up the penknife.*

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, I will.

Mr. Pin. So——ſo——Let's ſee now! [*Reads.*

Though I ſuffer'd laſt night your nauſeous, loath'd kiſſes, and embraces; Go on—Yet I would not have you preſume that you ſhall ever repeat them—So— [*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. I have writ it.

Mr. Pin. On then——I then conceal'd my ſelf from your knowledge, to avoid your inſolencies— [*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. So——

Mr. Pin. The ſame reaſon now I am out of your hands——

[*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. So——

Mr. Pin. Makes me own to you my unfortunate, though innocent frolick, of being in man's cloths. [*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. So——

Mr. Pin. That you may for ever more ceaſe to purſue her, who hates and deteſts you—— [*She writes on.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Pin. So——h—— [*Sighs.*

Mr. Pin. What do you ſigh? ——deteſts you——as much as ſhe loves her Huſband and her Honour——

Mrs. Pin. I vow Husband he'll ne'er believe, I ſhou'd write ſuch a Letter.

Mr. Pin. What he'd expect a kinder from you? come now your name only.

Mrs. Pin. What, ſhan't I ſay your moſt faithful, humble Servant till death?

Mr. Pin. No, tormenting Fiend; her ſtile I find wou'd be very ſoft. [*Aſide.*

Come wrap it up now, whileſt I go fetch wax and a candle; and write on the back ſide, for Mr. *Horner.*

[*Exit* Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pin. For Mr. *Horner*——So, I am glad he has told me his name; Dear Mr. *Horner*, but why ſhould I ſend thee ſuch a Letter, that will vex thee, and make thee angry with me; ——well I will not ſend it——Ay but then my husband will kill me——for I ſee plainly, he won't let me love Mr. *Horner*——but what care I for my Huſband——I won't ſo I won't ſend poor Mr. *Horner* ſuch a Letter——but then my Husband——But oh——what if I writ at bottom, my Husband made me write it——Ay but then my Husband wou'd ſee't——Can one have no ſhift, ah, a *London* woman wou'd have had a hundred preſently; ſtay——what if I ſhou'd write a Letter, and wrap it up like this, and write upon't too; ay but then my Husband wou'd ſee't——I don't know what to do—— But yet y vads I'll try, ſo I will—— for I will not ſend this Letter to poor Mr. *Horner*, come what will on't.

Dear, Sweet Mr. *Horner*——*So*—— my Husband wou'd have me ſend you a baſe, rude, unmannerly Letter——but I won't ——*ſo*——and wou'd have me forbid you loving me——but I wont——*ſo*——and wou'd have me ſay to you, I hate you poor Mr. *Horner*——but I won't tell a lye for him——*there*——for I'm ſure if you and I were in

She writes, and repeats what ſhe hath writ.

in the Countrey at cards together, ——*ſo*——I cou'd not help treading on your Toe under the Table—*ſo*—or rubbing knees with you, and ſtaring in your face, 'till you ſaw me —*very well*— and then looking down, and bluſhing for an hour together—*ſo*—but I muſt make haſte before my Husband come; and now he has taught me to write Letters: You ſhall have longer ones from me, who am

Dear, dear, poor dear Mr. *Horner*, your moſt
Humble Friend, and Servant to command
'till death, *Margery Pinchwife.*

Stay I muſt give him a hint at bottom——*ſo*——now wrap it up juſt like t'other——*ſo*——now write for Mr. *Horner*,— But oh now what ſhall I do with it? for here comes my Husband.

Enter Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. I have been detained by a Sparkiſh Coxcomb, who pretended a viſit to me; but I fear 'twas to my Wife. [*Aſide.*

What, have you done?

Mrs. Pin. Ay, ay Bud, juſt now.

Mr. Pin. Let's ſee't, what d'ye tremble for; what, you wou'd not have it go?

Mrs. Pin. Here——No I muſt not give him that, ſo I had been ſerved if I had given him this. [*Aſide.* | *He opens, and reads the firſt Letter.*

Mr. Pin. Come, where's the Wax and Seal?

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what ſhall I do now? Nay then I have it—— [*Aſide.*

Pray let me ſee't, Lord you think me ſo errand a fool, I cannot ſeal a Letter, I will do't, ſo I will. | *Snatches the Letter from him, changes it for the other, ſeals it, and delivers it to him.*

Mr. Pin. Nay, I believe you will learn that, and other things too, which I wou'd not have you.

Mrs. Pin. So, han't I done it curiouſly?

I think I have, there's my Letter going to Mr. *Horner*; ſince he'll needs have me ſend Letters to Folks. [*Aſide.*

Mr. Pin. 'Tis very well, but I warrant, you wou'd not have it go now?

Mrs.

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed, but I wou'd, Bud, now.

Mr. Pin. Well you are a good Girl then, come let me lock you up in your chamber, 'till I come back; and be ſure you come not within three ſtrides of the window, when I am gone; for I have a ſpye in the ſtreet. [*Exit Mrs.* Pin.

At leaſt, 'tis fit ſhe think ſo, if we do not cheat women, they'll cheat us; and fraud may be juſtly uſed with ſecret enemies, of which a Wife is the moſt dangerous; and he that has a handſome one to keep, and a Frontier Town, muſt provide againſt treachery, rather than open Force——Now I have ſecur'd all within, I'll deal with the Foe without with falſe intelligence. } Pinchwife *locks the door.* } *Holds up the Letter.*

[*Exit* Pinchwife.

The Scene changes to Horner's *Lodging.*

Quack *and* Horner.

Quack. Well Sir, how fadges the new deſign; have you not the luck of all your brother Projectors, to deceive only your ſelf at laſt.

Hor. No, good *Domine* Doctor, I deceive you it ſeems, and others too; for the grave Matrons, and old ridgid Husbands think me as unfit for love, as they are; but their Wives, Siſters and Daughters, know ſome of 'em better things already.

Quack. Already!

Hor. Already, I ſay; laſt night I was drunk with half a dozen of your civil perſons, as you call 'em, and people of Honour, and ſo was made free of their Society, and dreſſing rooms for ever hereafter; and am already come to the privileges of ſleeping upon their Pallats, warming Smocks, tying Shooes and Garters, and the like Doctor, already, already Doctor.

Quack. You have made uſe of your time, Sir.

Hor. I tell thee, I am now no nore interruption to 'em, when

when they ſing, or talk bawdy, than a little ſquab French Page, who ſpeaks no Engliſh.

Quack. But do civil perſons, and women of Honour drink, and ſing bawdy Songs?

Hor. O amongſt Friends, amongſt Friends; for your Bigots in Honour, are juſt like thoſe in Religion; they fear the eye of the world, more than the eye of Heaven, and think there is no virtue, but railing at vice; and no ſin, but giving ſcandal: They rail at a poor, little, kept Player, and keep themſelves ſome young, modeſt Pulpit Comedian to be privy to their ſins in their Cloſets, not to tell 'em of them in their Chappels.

Quack. Nay, the truth on't is, Prieſts amongſt the women now, have quite got the better of us Lay Confeſſors, Phyſicians.

Hor. And they are rather their Patients, but——

Enter my Lady Fidget, *looking about her.*

Now we talk of women of Honour, here comes one, ſtep behind the Screen there, and but obſerve; if I have not particular privileges, with the women of reputation already, Doctor, already.

La. Fid. Well *Horner*, am not I a woman of Honour? you ſee I'm as good as my word.

Hor. And you ſhall ſee Madam, I'll not be behind hand with you in honour; and I'll be as good as my word too, if you pleaſe but to withdraw into the next room.

La. Fid. But firſt, my dear Sir, you muſt promiſe to have a care of my dear Honour.

Hor. If you talk a word more of your Honour, you'll make me incapable to wrong it; to talk of Honour in the myſteries of Love, is like talking of Heaven, or the Deity in an operation of Witchcraft, juſt when you are employing the Devil, it makes the charm impotent.

La. Fid. Nay, fie, let us not be ſmooty; but you talk of myſteries, and bewitching to me, I don't underſtand you.

Hor. I tell you Madam, the word money in a Miſtreſſes mouth, at ſuch a nick of time, is not a more diſheartning ſound

to a younger Brother, than that of Honour to an eager Lover like my ſelf.

La. Fid. But you can't blame a Lady of my reputation to be chary.

Hor. Chary——I have been chary of it already, by the report I have caus'd of my ſelf.

La. Fid. Ay, but if you ſhou'd ever let other women know that dear ſecret, it would come out; nay, you muſt have a great care of your conduct; for my acquaintance are ſo cenſorious, (oh 'tis a wicked cenſorious world, Mr. *Horner*) I ſay, are ſo cenſorious, and detracting, that perhaps they'll talk to the prejudice of my Honour, though you ſhou'd not let them know the dear ſecret.

Hor. Nay Madam, rather than they ſhall prejudice your Honour, I'll prejudice theirs; and to ſerve you, I'll lye with 'em all, make the ſecret their own, and then they'll keep it: I am a *Machiavel* in love Madam.

La. Fid. O, no Sir, not that way.

Hor. Nay, the Devil take me, if cenſorious women are to be ſilenc'd any other way.

La. Fid. A ſecret is better kept I hope, by a ſingle perſon, than a multitude; therefore pray do not truſt any body elſe with it, dear, dear Mr. *Horner.* [*Embracing him.*

Enter Sir Jaſpar Fidget.

Sir Jaſ. How now!

La. Fid. O my Huſband——prevented——and what's almoſt as bad, found with my arms about another man——that will appear too much——what ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jaſpar* come hither, I am trying if Mr. *Horner* were ticklish, and he's as tickliſh as can be, I love to torment the confounded Toad; let you and I tickle him.

Sir Jaſ. No, your Ladyſhip will tickle him better without me, I ſuppoſe, but is this your buying China, I thought you had been at the China Houſe?

Hor. China-Houſe, that's my Cue, I muſt take it [*Aſide.*

A Pox, can't you keep your impertinent Wives at home? ſome men are troubled with the Husbands, but I with the Wives;

Wives; but I'd have you to know, ſince I cannot be your Journey-man by night, I will not be your drudge by day, to ſquire your wife about, and be your man of ſtraw, or ſcare-crow only to Pyes and Jays; that would be nibling at your forbidden fruit; I ſhall be ſhortly the Hackney Gentleman-Uſher of the Town.

Sir Jaſ. Heh, heh, he, poor fellow he's in the right on't faith, to ſquire women about for other folks, is as ungrateful an employment, as to tell money for other folks; [*Aſide.* heh, he, he, ben't angry *Horner*——

La. Fid. No, 'tis I have more reaſon to be angry, who am left by you, to go abroad indecently alone; or, what is more indecent, to pin my ſelf upon ſuch ill bred people of your acquaintance, as this is.

Sir Jaſ. Nay, pr'ythee what has he done?

La. Fid. Nay, he has done nothing.

Sir Jaſ. But what d'ye take ill, if he has done nothing?

La. Fid. Hah, hah, hah, Faith, I can't but laugh however; why d'ye think the unmannerly toad wou'd not come down to me to the Coach, I was fain to come up to fetch him, or go without him, which I was reſolved not to do; for he knows China very well, and has himſelf very good, but will not let me ſee it, leſt I ſhould beg ſome; but I will find it out, and have what I came for yet.

Exit Lady Fidget, *and locks the door, followed by* Horner *to the door.*

Hor. Lock the door Madam—— [*Apart to Lady* Fidget.

So, ſhe has got into my chamber, and lock'd me out; oh the impertinency of woman-kind! Well Sir *Jaſpar*, plain dealing is a Jewel; if ever you ſuffer your Wife to trouble me again here, ſhe ſhall carry you home a pair of Horns, by my Lord Major ſhe ſhall; though I cannot furniſh you my ſelf, you are ſure, yet I'll find a way.

Sir Jaſ. Hah, ha, he, at my firſt coming in, and finding her arms about him, tickling him it ſeems, I was half jealous, but now I ſee my folly. [*Aſide.*

Heh, he, he, poor *Horner.*

Hor. Nay, though you laugh now, 'twill be my turn e're long: Oh women, more impertinent, more cunning, and more miſchievous than their Monkeys, and to me almoſt as ugly——now is ſhe throwing my things about, and rifling all I have, but I'll get into her the back way, and ſo rifle her for it——

Sir Jaſ. Hah, ha, ha, poor angry *Horner.*

Hor. Stay here a little, I'll ferret her out to you preſently, I warrant. [*Exit* Horner *at t'other door.*

Sir Jaſ. Wife, my Lady *Fidget*, Wife, he is coming into you the back way. | *Sir* Jaſpar *calls through the door to his Wife, ſhe anſwers from within.*

La. Fid. Let him come, and welcome, which way he will.

Sir Jaſ. He'll catch you, and uſe you roughly, and be too ſtrong for you.

La. Fid. Don't you trouble your ſelf, let him if he can.

Quack. [*Behind*] This indeed, I cou'd not have believ'd from him, nor any but my own eyes.

Enter Miſtris Squeamiſh.

Squeam. Where's this Woman-hater, this Toad, this ugly, greaſie, dirty Sloven?

Sir Jaſ. So the women all will have him ugly, methinks he is a comely perſon; but his wants make his form contemptible to 'em; and 'tis e'en as my Wife ſaid yeſterday, talking of him, that a proper handſome Eunuch, was as ridiculous a thing, as a Gigantick Coward.

Squeam. Sir *Jaſpar*, your Servant, where is the odious Beaſt?

Sir Jaſ. He's within in his chamber, with my Wife; ſhe's playing the wag with him.

Squeam. Is ſhe ſo, and he's a clowniſh beaſt, he'll give her no quarter, he'll play the wag with her again, let me tell you; come, let's go help her——What, the door's lock't?

Sir Jaſ. Ay, my Wife lock't it——

Squeam. Did ſhe ſo, let us break it open then?

Sir Jaſ. No, no, he'll do her no hurt.

Squeam.

Squeam. No —— But is there no other way to get into 'em, whither goes this? I will diſturb 'em. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Squeamiſh *at another door.*

Enter old Lady Squeamiſh.

Old L. Squeam. Where is this Harlotry, this Impudent Baggage, this rambling Tomrigg? O Sir *Jaſpar*, I'm glad to ſee you here, did you not ſee my vil'd Grandchild come in hither juſt now?

Sir Jaſ. Yes,

Old L. Squeam, Ay, but where is ſhe then? where is ſhe? Lord Sir *Jaſpar* I have e'ne ratled my ſelf to pieces in purſuit of her, but can you tell what ſhe makes here, they ſay below, no woman lodges here.

Sir Jaſ. No.

Old L. Squeam. No —— What does ſhe here then? ſay if it be not a womans lodging, what makes ſhe here? but are you ſure no woman lodges here?

Sir Jaſ. No, nor no man neither, this is Mr. *Horners* Lodging.

Old L. Squeam. Is it ſo are you ſure?

Sir Jaſ. Yes, yes.

Old L. Squeam. So then there's no hurt in't I hope, but where is he?

Sir Jaſ. He's in the next room with my Wife.

Old L. Squeam. Nay if you truſt him with your wife, I may with my Biddy, they ſay he's a merry harmleſs man now, e'ne as harmleſs a man as ever came out of *Italy* with a good voice, and as pretty harmleſs company for a Lady, as a Snake without his teeth.

Sir Jaſ. Ay. ay poor man.

Enter Mrs. Squeamiſh.

Squeam. I can't find 'em —— Oh are you here, Grandmother, I follow'd you muſt know my Lady *Fidget* hither, 'tis the prettyeſt lodging, and I have been ſtaring on the prettyeſt Pictures.

Enter

Enter Lady Fidget *with a piece of China in her hand, and* Horner *following.*

La. Fid. And I have been toyling and moyling, for the pretti'ſt piece of China, my Dear.

Hor. Nay ſhe has been too hard for me do what I cou'd.

Squeam. Oh Lord I'le have ſome China too, good Mr. *Horner*, don't think to give other people China, and me none, come in with me too.

Hor. Upon my honour I have none left now.

Squeam. Nay, nay I have known you deny your China before now, but you ſhan't put me off ſo, come ——

Hor. This Lady had the laſt there.

La. Fid. Yes indeed Madam, to my certain knowledge he has no more left.

Squeam. O but it may be he may have ſome you could not find.

La. Fid. What d'y think if he had had any left, I would not have had it too, for we women of quality never think we have China enough.

Hor. Do not take it ill, I cannot make China for you all, but I will have a Rol-waggon for you too, another time.

Squeam. Thank you dear Toad. [*To* Horn, *aſide.*

La Fid. What do you mean by that promiſe?

Hor. Alas ſhe has an innocent, literal underſtanding. | *Apart to Lady* Fidget.

Old L. Squeam. Poor Mr. *Horner*, he has enough to doe to pleaſe you all, I ſee.

Hor. Ay Madam, you ſee how they uſe me.

Old L. Squeam. Poor Gentleman I pitty you.

Hor. I thank you Madam, I could never find pitty, but from ſuch reverend Ladies as you are, the young ones will never ſpare a man.

Squeam. Come come, Beaſt, and go dine with us, for we ſhall want a man at Hombre after dinner.

Hor. That's all their uſe of me Madam you ſee.

Squeam. Come Sloven, I'le lead you to be ſure of you. | *Pulls him by the Crevat.*

Old La.

Old L. Squeam. Alas poor man how ſhe tuggs him, kiſs, kiſs her, that's the way to make ſuch nice women quiet.

Hor. No Madam, that Remedy is worſe than the Torment, they know I dare ſuffer any thing rather than do it.

Old La. Squeam. Prythee kiſs her, and I'le give you her Picture in little, that you admir'd ſo laſt night, prythee do.

Hor. Well nothing but that could bribe me, I love a woman only in Effigie, and good Painting as much as I hate them —— I'le do't, for I cou'd adore the Devil well painted. [*Kiſſes Mrs.* Squeam.

Squeam. Foh, you filthy Toad, nay now I've done jeſting.

Old L. Squam. Ha, ha, ha, I told you ſo.

Squeam. Foh a kiſs of his ——

Sir Jaſ. Has no more hurt in't, than one of my Spaniels.

Squeam. Nor no more good neither.

Quack. I will now believe any thing he tells me. [*Behind.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

La. Fid. O Lord here's a man, Sir *Jaſpar*, my Mask, my Mask, I would not be ſeen here for the world.

Sir Jaſ. What not when I am with you.

La. Fid. No, no my honour —— let's be gone.

Squeam. Oh Grandmother, let us be gone, make haſt, make haſt, I know not how he may cenſure us.

La. Fid. Be found in the lodging of any thing like a man, away.

Exeunt Sir Jaſ. La. Fid. Old La. Squeam. *Mrs.* Squeamiſh.

Quack. What's here another Cuckold —— he looks like one, and none elſe ſure have any buſineſs with him, [*Behind.*

Hor. Well what brings my dear friend hither?

Mr. Pinch. Your impertinency.

Hor. My impertinency —— why you Gentlemen that have got handſome Wives, think you have a privilege of ſaying any thing to your friends, and are as brutiſh, as if you were our Creditors.

Mr. Pinch. No Sir, I'le ne're truſt you any way.

Hor. But why not, dear *Jack*, why diffide in me, thou knowſt ſo well. *Mr. Pin.*

Mr. Pin. Becauſe I do know you ſo well.

Hor. Han't I been always thy friend honeſt *Jack*, always ready to ſerve thee, in love, or battle, before thou wert married, and am ſo ſtill.

Mr. Pin. I believe ſo you wou'd be my ſecond now indeed.

Hor. Well then dear *Jack*, why ſo unkind, ſo grum, ſo ſtrange to me, come prythee kiſs me deare Rogue, gad I was always I ſay, and am ſtill as much thy Servant as ——

Mr. Pin. As I am yours Sir. What you wou'd ſend a kiſs to my Wife, is that it?

Hor. So there 'tis —— a man can't ſhew his friendſhip to a married man, but preſently he talks of his wife to you, prythee let thy Wife alone, and let thee and I be all one, as we were wont, what thou art as ſhye of my kindneſs, as a Lumbard-ſtreet Alderman of a Courtiers civility at Lockets.

Mr. Pin. But you are over kind to me, as kind, as if I were your Cuckold already, yet I muſt confeſs you ought to be kind and civil to me, ſince I am ſo kind, ſo civil to you, as to bring you this, look you there Sir. [*Delivers him a Letter.*

Hor. What is't?

Mr. Pinch. Only a Love Letter Sir.

Hor. From whom —— how, this is from your Wife —— hum —— and hum —— [*Reads.*

Mr. Pin. Even from my Wife Sir, am I not wondrous kind and civil to you, now too?
But you'l not think her ſo. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Ha, is this a trick of his or hers [*Aſide.*

Mr. Pin. The Gentleman's ſurpriz'd I find, what you expected a kinder Letter?

Hor. No faith not I, how cou'd I.

Mr. Pin. Yes yes, I'm ſure you did, a man ſo well made as you are muſt needs be diſappointed, if the women declare not their paſſion at firſt ſight or opportunity.

Hor. But what ſhould this mean? ſtay the Poſtſcript.
Be ſure you love me whatſoever my husband ſays to the contrary, and let him not ſee this, leſt he ſhould come home

home, and pinch me, or kill my Squirrel. [*Reads aside.*
It ſeems he knows not what the Letter contains. [*Aside.*

Mr. Pin. Come ne're wonder at it ſo much.

Hor. Faith I can't help it.

Mr. Pin. Now I think I have deſerv'd your infinite friendſhip, and kindneſs, and have ſhewed my ſelf ſufficiently an obliging kind friend and husband, am I not ſo, to bring a Letter from my Wife to her Gallant?

Hor. Ay, the Devil take me, art thou, the moſt obliging, kind friend and husband in the world, ha, ha.

Mr. Pin. Well you may be merry Sir, but in ſhort I muſt tell you Sir, my honour will ſuffer no jeſting.

Hor. What do'ſt thou mean?

Mr. Pin. Does the Letter want a Comment? then know Sir, though I have been ſo civil a husband, as to bring you a Letter from my Wife, to let you kiſs and court her to my face, I will not be a Cuckold Sir, I will not.

Hor. Thou art mad with jealouſie, I never ſaw thy Wife in my life, but at the Play yeſterday, and I know not if it were ſhe or no, I court her, kiſs her!

Mr. Pin. I will not be a Cuckold I ſay, there will be danger in making me a Cuckold.

Hor. Why, wert thou not well cur'd of thy laſt clap?

Mr. Pin. I weare a Sword.

Hor. It ſhould be taken from thee, leſt thou ſhould'ſt do thy ſelf a miſchiefe with it, thon art mad, Man.

Mr. Pin. As mad as I am, and as merry as you are, I muſt have more reaſon from you e're we part, I ſay again though you kiſs'd, and courted laſt night my Wife in man's clothes, as ſhe confeſſes in her Letter.

Hor. Ha —— [*Aside.*

Mr. Pin. Both ſhe and I ſay you muſt not deſign it again, for you have miſtaken your woman, as you have done your man.

Hor. Oh —— I underſtand ſomething now —— [*Aside.*
Was that thy Wife? why would'ſt thou not tell me 'twas ſhe? faith my freedome with her was your fault, not mine.

Mr. Pin. Faith ſo 'twas —— [*Aſide.*

Hor. Fye, I'de never do't to a woman before her husbands face, ſure.

Mr. Pin. But I had rather you ſhould do't to my wife before my face, than behind my back, and that you ſhall never doe.

Hor. No —— you will hinder me.

Mr. Pin. If I would not hinder you, you ſee by her Letter, ſhe wou'd.

Hor. Well, I muſt e'ne acquieſs then, and be contented with what ſhe writes.

Mr. Pin. I'le aſſure you 'twas voluntarily writ, I had no hand in't you may believe me.

Hor. I do believe thee, faith.

Mr. Pin. And believe her too, for ſhe's an innocent creature, has no diſſembling in her, and ſo fare you well Sir.

Hor. Pray however preſent my humble ſervice to her, and tell her I will obey her Letter to a tittle, and fulfill her deſires be what they will, or with what difficulty ſoever I do't, and you ſhall be no more jealous of me, I warrant her, and you ——

Mr. Pin. Well then fare you well, and play with any mans honour but mine, kiſs any mans wife but mine, and welcome —— [*Exit Mr.* Pinch.

Hor. Ha, ha, ha, Doctor.

Quack. It ſeems he has not heard the report of you, or does not believe it.

Hor. Ha, ha, now Doctor what think you?

Quack. Pray let's ſee the Letter —— hum —— for —— deare —— love you —— [*Reads the Letter.*

Hor. I wonder how ſhe cou'd contrive it! what ſay'ſt thou to't, 'tis an Original.

Quack. So are your Cuckolds too Originals: for they are like no other common Cuckolds, and I will henceforth believe it not impoſſible for you to Cuckold the Grand Signior amidſt his Guards of Eunuchs, that I ſay ——

Hor. And I ſay for the Letter, 'tis the firſt love Letter that ever

ever was without Flames, Darts, Fates, Deſtinies, Lying and Diſſembling in't.

Enter Sparkiſh *pulling in Mr.* Pinchwife.

Spar. Come back, you are a pretty Brother-in-law, neither go to Church, nor to dinner with your Siſter Bride.

Mr. Pin. My Siſter denies her marriage, and you ſee is gone away from you diſſatisfy'd.

Spar. Pſhaw, upon a fooliſh ſcruple, that our Parſon was not in lawful Orders, and did not ſay all the Common Prayer, but 'tis her modeſty only I believe, but let women be never ſo modeſt the firſt day, they'l be ſure to come to themſelves by night, and I ſhall have enough of her then; in the mean time, *Harry Horner*, you muſt dine with me, I keep my wedding at my Aunts in the Piazza.

Hor. Thy wedding, what ſtale Maid has liv'd to deſpaire of a husband, or what young one of a Gallant?

Spar. O your Servant Sir —— this Gentlemans Siſter then — No ſtale Maid.

Hor. I'm ſorry for't.

Mr. Pin. How comes he ſo concern'd for her —— [*Aſide.*

Spar. You ſorry for't, why do you know any ill by her?

Hor. No, I know none but by thee, 'tis for her ſake, not yours, and another mans ſake that might have hop'd, I thought ——

Spar. Another Man, another man, what is his Name?

Hor. Nay ſince 'tis paſt he ſhall be nameleſs.

Poor *Harcourt* I am ſorry thou haſt miſt her —— [*Aſide.*

Mr. Pin. He ſeems to be much troubled at the match — [*Aſide.*

Spar. Prythee tell me —— nay you ſhan't go Brother.

Mr. Pin. I muſt of neceſſity, but I'le come to you to dinner. [*Exit* Pinchwife.

Spar. But *Harry*, what have I a Rival in my Wife already? but withal my heart, for he may be of uſe to me hereafter. for though my hunger is now my ſawce, and I can fall on heartily without, but the time will come, when a Rival wil be as

good ſawce for a married man to a wife, as an Orange to Veale.

Hor. O thou damn'd Rogue, thou haſt ſet my teeth on edge with thy Orange.

Spar. Then let's to dinner, there I was with you againe, come.

Hor. But who dines with thee?

Spar. My Friends and Relations, my Brother *Pinchwife* you ſee of your acquaintance.

Hor. And his Wife.

Spar. No gad, he'l nere let her come amongſt us good fellows, your ſtingy country Coxcomb keeps his wife from his friends, as he does his little Firkin of Ale, for his own drinking, and a Gentleman can't get a ſmack on't, but his ſervants, when his back is turn'd broach it at their pleaſures, and duſt it away, ha, ha, ha, gad I am witty, I think, conſidering I was married to day, by the world, but come ——

Hor. No, I will not dine with you, unleſs you can fetch her too.

Spar. Pſhaw what pleaſure can'ſt thou have with women now, *Harry*?

Hor. My eyes are not gone, I love a good proſpect yet, and will not dine with you, unleſs ſhe does too, go fetch her therefore, but do not tell her husband, 'tis for my ſake.

Spar. Well I'le go try what I can do, in the mean time come away to my Aunts lodging, 'tis in the way to *Pinchwifes*.

Hor. The poor woman has call'd for aid, and ſtretch'd forth her hand Doctor, I cannot but help her over the Pale out of the Bryars.

[*Exeunt* Sparkiſh, Horner, Quack.

The Scene changes to Pinchwifes *houſe.*

Mrs. Pinchwife *alone leaning on her elbow.* } *A Table, Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Mrs. Pin. Well 'tis 'ene ſo, I have got the *London* diſeaſe, they call Love, I am ſick of my Husband, and for my Gallant;

I

I have heard this diſtemper, call'd a Feaver, but methinks 'tis liker an Ague, for when I think of my Huſband, I tremble and am in a cold ſweat, and have inclinations to vomit, but when I think of my Gallant, dear Mr. *Horner*, my hot fit comes, and I am all in a Feaver, indeed, & as in other Feavers, my own Chamber is tedious to me, and I would fain be remov'd to his, and then methinks I ſhou'd be well; ah poor Mr. *Horner*, well I cannot, will not ſtay here, therefore I'le make an end of my Letter to him, which ſhall be a finer Letter than my laſt, becauſe I have ſtudied it like any thing; O Sick, Sick! [*Takes the Pen and writes.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife *who ſeeing her writing ſteales ſoftly behind her, and looking over her ſhoulder, ſnatches the paper from her.*

Mr. Pin. What writing more Letters?

Mrs. Pin. O Lord Budd, why d'ye fright me ſo? [*She offers to run out: he ſtops her, and reads.*

Mr. Pin. How's this! nay you ſhall not ſtir Madam.

Deare, Deare, deare, Mr *Horner* —— very well —— I have taught you to write Letters to good purpoſe —— but let's ſee't.

Firſt I am to beg your pardon for my boldneſs in writing to you, which I'de have you to know, I would not have done, had not you ſaid firſt you lov'd me ſo extreamly, which if you doe, you will never ſuffer me to lye in the arms of another man, whom I loath. nauſeate, and deteſt —— [Now you can write theſe filthy words] but what follows —— Therefore I hope you will ſpeedily find ſome way to free me from this unfortunate match, which was never, I aſſure you, of my choice, but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone; however if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can do, but you muſt help me away before to morrow, or elſe alaſs I ſhall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our —— our —— what is to follow our —— ſpeak what? our Journey into the Country I ſuppoſe —— Oh Woman, damn'd Woman, [*The Letter concludes.*

and

and Love, damn'd Love, their old Tempter, for this is one of his miracles, in a moment, he can make thoſe blind that cou'd ſee, and thoſe ſee that were blind, thoſe dumb that could ſpeak, and thoſe prattle who were dumb before, nay what is more than all, make theſe dow-bak'd, ſenſleſs, indocile animals, Women, too hard for us their Politick Lords and Rulers in a moment; But make an end of your Letter, and then I'le make an end of you thus, and all my plagues together. | *Draws his Sword.*

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, O Lord you are ſuch a Paſſionate Man, Budd.

Enter Sparkiſh.

Spar. How now what's here to doe.

Mr. Pin. This Fool here now!

Spar. What drawn upon your Wife? you ſhou'd never do that but at night in the dark when you can't hurt her, this is my Siſter in Law is it not? ay faith e'ne our Country *Margery*, one may know her, come ſhe and you muſt go dine with me, dinner's ready, come, but where's my Wife, is ſhe not come home yet, where is ſhe? | *Pulls aſide her Handkercheife.*

Mr. Pin. Making you a Cuckold, 'tis that they all doe, as ſoon as they can.

Spar. What the Wedding day? no, a Wife that deſigns to make a Cully of her Husband, will be ſure to let him win the firſt ſtake of love, by the world, but come they ſtay dinner for us, come I'le lead down our *Margery*.

Mrs. Pin. No —— Sir go we'l follow you.

Spar. I will not wag without you.

Mr. Pin. This Coxcomb is a ſenſible torment to me amidſt the greateſt in the world.

Spar. Come, come Madam *Margery*.

Mr. Pin. No I'le lead her my way, what wou'd you treat your friends with mine, for want of your own Wife? | *Leads her to t'other door, and locks her in and returns.*

I am contented my rage ſhou'd take breath —— [*Aſide.*

Spar. I told *Horner* this.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. Come now.

Spar. Lord, how ſhye you are of your Wife, but let me tell you Brother, we men of wit have amongſt us a ſaying, that Cuckolding like the ſmall Pox comes with a fear, and you may keep your Wife as much as you will out of danger of infection, but if her conſtitution incline her to't, ſhe'l have it ſooner or later by the world, ſay they.

Mr. Pin. What a thing is a Cuckold, that every fool can make him ridiculous—— [*Aſide.*
Well Sir —— But let me adviſe you, now you are come to be concern'd, becauſe you ſuſpect the danger, not to neglect the means to prevent it, eſpecially when the greateſt ſhare of the Malady will light upon your own head, for ——

How'ſere the kind Wife's Belly comes to ſwell.
The Huſband breeds for her, and firſt is ill.

ACT 5. SCENE 1.

Mr. Pinchwifes *Houſe.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife *and Mrs.* Pinchwife, *a Table and Candle.*

Mr. Pin. COme take the Pen and make an end of the Letter, juſt as you intended, if you are falſe in a tittle, I ſhall ſoon perceive it, and puniſh you with this as you deſerve, write what was to follow—— let's ſee—— | *Lays his hand on his Sword.*
[You muſt make haſte and help me away before to morrow, or elſe I ſhall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our ——] What follows our? ——

Mrs. Pin. Muſt all out then Budd?—— Look you there then. | *Mrs.* Pin. *takes the Pen and writes.*

Mr. Pin. Let's ſee —— [For I can defer no longer our——

VVed-

Wedding —— Your ſlighted *Alithea*] What's the meaning of this, my Siſters name to't, ſpeak, unriddle?

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed Budd.

Mr. Pin. But why her name to't ſpeak —— ſpeak I ſay?

Mrs. Pin. Ay but you'l tell her then again, if you wou'd not tell her again.

Mr. Pin. I will not, I am ſtunn'd, my head turns round, ſpeak.

Mrs. Pin. Won't you tell her indeed, and indeed.

Mr. Pin. No, ſpeak I ſay.

Mrs. Pin. She'l be angry with me, but I had rather ſhe ſhould be angry with me than you Budd; and to tell you the truth, 'twas ſhe made me write the Letter, and taught me what I ſhould write.

Mr. Pin. Ha —— I thought the ſtile was ſomewhat better than her own, but how cou'd ſhe come to you to teach you, ſince I had lock'd you up alone.

Mrs. Pin. O through the key hole Budd.

Mr. Pin. But why ſhould ſhe make you write a Letter for her to him, ſince ſhe can write her ſelf?

Mis. Pin. Why ſhe ſaid becauſe —— for I was unwilling to do it.

Mr. Pin. Becauſe what —— becauſe.

Mrs. Pin. Becauſe leſt Mr. *Horner* ſhould be cruel, and refuſe her, or vaine afterwards, and ſhew the Letter, ſhe might diſown it, the hand not being hers.

Mr. Pin. How's this? ha —— then I think I ſhall come to my ſelf again —— This changeling cou'd not invent this lye, but if ſhe cou'd, why ſhould ſhe? ſhe might think I ſhould ſoon diſcover it —— ſtay —— now I think on't too, *Horner* ſaid he was ſorry ſhe had married *Sparkiſh*, and her diſowning her marriage to me, makes me think ſhe has evaded it, for *Horner*'s ſake, yet why ſhould ſhe take this courſe, but men in love are fools, women may well be ſo. —— [*Aſide.*

But hark you Madam, your Siſter went out in the morning, and I have not ſeen her within ſince.

Mrs. Pin.

Mrs. Pin. A lack a day ſhe has been crying all day above it ſeems in a corner.

Mr. Pin. Where is ſhe, let me ſpeak with her.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord then he'l diſcover all —— [*Aſide.* Pray hold Budd, what d'y mean to diſcover me, ſhe'l know I have told you then, pray Budd let me talk with her firſt ——

Mr. Pin. I muſt ſpeak with her to know whether *Horner* ever made her any promiſe; and whether ſhe be married to *Sparkiſh* or no.

Mrs. Pin. Pray dear Budd don't, till I have ſpoken with her and told her that I have told you all, for ſhe'll kill me elſe.

Mr. Pin. Go then and bid her come out to me.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, yes Budd ——

Mr. Pin. Let me ſee ——

Mrs. Pin. I'le go, but ſhe is not within to come to him, I have juſt got time to know of *Lucy* her Maid, who firſt ſet me on work, what lye I ſhall tell next, for I am e'ne at my wits end —— [*Exit Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin, Well I reſolve it, *Horner* ſhall have her, I'd rather give him my Siſter than lend him my Wife, and ſuch an alliance will prevent his pretenſions to my Wife ſure, —— I'le make him of kinn to her, and then he won't care for her, [*Mrs.* Pin. *returns.*

Mrs. Pin. O Lord Budd I told you what anger you would make me with my Siſter.

Mr. Pin. Won't ſhe come hither?

Mrs. Pin. No no, alack a day, ſhe's aſham'd to look you in the face, and ſhe ſays if you go in to her, ſhe'l run away down ſtairs, and ſhamefully go her ſelf to Mr. *Horner*, who has promis'd her marriage ſhe ſays, and ſhe will have no other, ſo ſhe won't ——

Mr. Pin. Did he ſo —— promiſe her marriage —— then ſhe ſhall have no other, go tell her ſo, and if ſhe will come and diſcourſe with me a little concerning the means, I will about it immediately, go —— [*Exit Mrs.* Pin.

His eſtate is equal to *Sparkiſh*'s, and his extraction as much better than his, as his parts are, but my chief reaſon is, I'd rather be of kin to him by the name of Brother-in-law, than that of Cuckold ——

Well what ſays ſhe now? [*Enter Mrs.* Pin.

Mrs. Pin. Why ſhe ſays ſhe would only have you lead her to *Horners* lodging — with whom ſhe firſt will diſcourſe the matter before ſhe talk with you, which yet ſhe cannot doe; for alack poor creature, ſhe ſays ſhe can't ſo much as look you in the face, therefore ſhe'l come to you in a mask, and you muſt excuſe her if ſhe make you no anſwer to any queſtion of yours, till you have brought her to Mr. *Horner*, and if you will not chide her, nor queſtion her, ſhe'l come out to you immediately.

Mr. Pin. Let her come I will not ſpeak a word to her, nor require a word from her.

Mrs. Pin. Oh I forgot, beſides ſhe ſays, ſhe cannot look you in the face, though through a mask, therefore wou'd deſire you to put out the Candle.

Mr. Pin. I agree to all, let her make haſte —— there 'tis out ——My caſe is ſomething better, I'd rather fight with *Horner* for not lying with my Siſter, than for lying with my Wife, and of the two I had rather find my Siſter too forward than my Wife; I expected no other from her free education, as ſhe calls it, and her paſſion for the Town —— well —— Wife and Siſter are names which make us expect Love and duty, pleaſure and comfort, but we find 'em plagues and torments, and are equally, though differently troubleſome to their keeper; for we have as much a doe to get people to lye with our Siſters, as to keep 'em from lying with our Wives.

Exit Mrs. Pin, *puts out the Candle.*

Enter Mrs. Pinchwife *Masked, and in Hoods and Scarves, and a night Gown and Petticoat of* Alitheas *in the dark.*

What are you come Siſter? let us go then —— but firſt let me lock up my Wife, Mrs. *Margery* where are you?

Mrs. Pin. Here Budd.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. Come hither, that I may lock you up, get you in, Come Siſter where are you now? | *Locks the door.*

[*Mrs.* Pin. *gives him her hand, but when he lets her go, ſhe ſteals ſoftly on t'other ſide of him, and is lead away by him for his Siſter* Alithea.]

The Scene changes to Horners *Lodging.*

Quack, Horner.

Quack. What all alone, not ſo much as one of your Cuckolds here, nor one of their Wives! they uſe to take their turns with you, as if they were to watch you.

Hor. Yes it often happens, that a Cuckold is but his Wifes ſpye, and is more upon family duty, when he is with her gallant abroad hindring his pleaſure, than when he is at home with her playing the Gallant, but the hardeſt duty a married woman impoſes upon a lover is, keeping her husband company always.

Quack. And his fondneſs wearies you almoſt as ſoon as hers.

Hor. A Pox, keeping a Cuckold company after you have had his Wife, is as tireſome as the company of a Country Squire to a witty fellow of the Town, when he has got all his Mony,

Quack. And as at firſt a man makes a friend of the Huſband to get the Wife, ſo at laſt you are faine to fall out with the Wife to be rid of the Husband.

Hor. Ay, moſt Cuckold-makers are true Courtiers, when once a poor man has crack'd his credit for 'em, they can't abide to come neer him.

Quack. But at firſt to draw him in are ſo ſweet, ſo kind, ſo dear, juſt as you are to *Pinchwife*, but what becomes of that intrigue with his Wife?

Hor. A Pox he's as ſurly as an Alderman that has been bit, and ſince he's ſo coy, his Wife's kindneſs is in vain, for ſhe's a ſilly innocent.

Quack. Did ſhe not ſend you a Letter by him?

Hor. Yes, but that's a riddle I have not yet ſolv'd —— allow the poor creature to be willing, ſhe is ſilly too, and he

keeps her up ſo cloſe ——

Quack. Yes, ſo cloſe that he makes her but the more willing, and adds but revenge to her love, which two when met ſeldome faile of ſatisfying each other one way or other.

Hor. What here's the man we are talking of I think.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife *leading in his Wife Masqued, Muffled, and in her Siſters Gown.*

Hor. Pſhaw.

Quack. Bringing his Wife to you is the next thing to bringing a Love Letter from her.

Hor. VVhat means this?

Mr. Pin. The laſt time you know Sir I brought you a love Letter, now you ſee a Miſtreſs, I think you'l ſay I am a civil man to you.

Hor. Ay the Devil take me will I ſay thou art the civilleſt man I ever met with, and I have known ſome; I fancy, I underſtand thee now, better than I did the Letter, but hark thee in thy eare ——

Mr. Pin. VVhat?

Hor. Nothing but the uſual queſtion man, is ſhe ſound on thy word?

Mr. Pin. VVhat you take her for a VVench and me for a Pimp?

Hor. Pſhaw, wench and Pimp, paw words, I know thou art an honeſt fellow, and haſt a great acquaintance among the Ladies, and perhaps haſt made love for me rather than let me make love to thy VVife ——

Mr. Pin. Come Sir, in ſhort, I am for no fooling.

Hor. Nor I neither, therefore prythee let's ſee her face preſently, make her ſhow man, art thou ſure I don't know her?

Mr. Pin. I am ſure you doe know her.

Hor. A Pox why doſt thou bring her to me then?

Mr. Pin. Becauſe ſhe's a Relation of mine.

Hor. Is ſhe faith man, then thou art ſtill more civil and obliging, dear Rogue.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. VVho deſir'd me to bring her to you.

Hor. Then ſhe is obliging, dear Rogue.

Mr. Pin. You'l make her welcome for my ſake I hope.

Hor. I hope ſhe is handſome enough to make her ſelf welcome; prythee let her unmask.

Mr. Pin. Doe you ſpeak to her, ſhe wou'd never be rul'd by me.

Hor. Madam —— [*Mrs.* Pin. *whiſpers to* Hor. She ſays ſhe muſt ſpeak with me in private, withdraw prythee.

Mr. Pin. She's unwilling it ſeems I ſhou'd know all her undecent conduct in this buſineſs —— [*Aſide.* VVell then Ile leave you together, and hope when I am gone you'l agree, if not you and I ſhan't agree Sir.——

Hor. VVhat means the Fool?—— if ſhe and I agree 'tis no matter what you and I do.

[*Whiſpers to Mrs* Pin, *who makes ſigns with her hand for him to be gone.*]

Mr. Pin. In the mean time I'le ſetch a Parſon, and find out *Sporkiſh* and diſabuſe him.

You wou'd have me fetch a Parſon, would you not, well then —— Now I think I am rid of her, and ſhall have no more trouble with her —— Our Siſters and Daughters like Uſurers money, are ſafeſt, when put out; but our Wifes, like their writings, never ſafe, but in our Cloſets under Lock and Key.

[*Exit Mr. Pin.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir *Jaſpar Fidget* Sir is coming up.

Hor. Here's the trouble of a Cuckold, now we are talking of, a pox on him, has he not enough to doe to hinder his Wifes ſport, but he muſt other women's too. —— Step in here Madam. [*Exit Mrs.* Pin.

Enter Sir Jaſpar.

Sir Jaſ. My beſt and deareſt Friend.

Hor. The old ſtile Doctor ——

Well be ſhort, for I am buſie, what would your impertinent Wife have now?

Sir

Sir Jaſ. Well gueſs'd y' faith, for I do come from her.

Hor. To invite me to ſupper, tell her I can't come, go.

Sir Jaſ. Nay, now you are out faith, for my Lady and the whole knot of the virtuous gang, as they call themſelves, are reſolv'd upon a frolick of coming to you to night in a Maſquerade, and are all dreſt already.

Hor. I ſhan't be at home.

Sir Jaſ. Lord how churliſh he is to women —— nay prythee don't diſappoint 'em, they'l think 'tis my fault, prythee don't, I'le ſend in the Banquet and the Fiddles, but make no noiſe on't, for the poor virtuous Rogues would not have it known for the world, that they go a Maſquerading, and they would come to no mans Ball, but yours.

Hor. Well, well —— get you gone, and tell 'em if they come, 'twill be at the peril of their honour and yours.

Sir Jaſ. Heh, he, he —— we'l truſt you for that, farewell —— [*Exit Sir Jaſpar.*

Hor. Doctor anon you too ſhall be my gueſt.
But now I'm going to a private feaſt.

The Scene changes to the Piazza of Covent Garden.

Sparkiſh, Pinchwife.

Spar. But who would have thought a woman could have been falſe to me, by the world, I could not have thought it. | Spar. *with the Letter in his hand.*

Mr. Pin. You were for giving and taking liberty, ſhe has taken it only Sir, now you find in that Letter, you are a frank perſon, and ſo is ſhe you ſee there.

Spar. Nay if this be her hand —— for I never ſaw it.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis no matter whether that be her hand or no, I am ſure this hand at her deſire lead her to Mr. *Horner*, with whom I left her juſt now, to go fetch a Parſon to 'em at their deſire too, to deprive you of her for ever, for it ſeems yours was but a mock marriage.

Spar. Indeed ſhe wou'd needs have it that 'twas *Harcourt* himſelf in a Parſons habit, that married us, but I'm ſure he told me 'twas his Brother Ned.

Mr. Pin. O there 'tis out and you were deceiv'd not ſhe, for

for you are ſuch a frank perſon —— but I muſt be gone — you'l find her at Mr. *Horners*, goe and believe your eyes.

[*Exit Mr.* Pin.

Spar. Nay I'le to her, and call her as many Crocodiles, Syrens, Harpies, and other heatheniſh names, as a Poet would do a Miſtreſs, who had refus'd to heare his ſuit, nay more his Verſes on her.

But ſtay, is not that ſhe following a Torch at t'other end of the Piazza, and from *Horners* certainly —— 'tis ſo ——

Enter Alithea *following a Torch, and* Lucy *behind.*

You are well met Madam though you don't think ſo; what you have made a ſhort viſit to Mr. *Horner*, but I ſuppoſe you'l return to him preſently, by that time the Parſon can be with him.

Ali. Mr. *Horner*, and the Parſon Sir ——

Spar. Come Madam no more diſſembling, no more jilting for I am no more a frank perſon.

Alith. How's this.

Lucy. So 'twill work I ſee —— [*Aſide.*

Spar. Cou'd you find out no eaſie Country Fool to abuſe? none but me, a Gentleman of wit and pleaſure about the Town, but it was your pride to be too hard for a man of parts, unworthy falſe woman, falſe as a friend that lends a man mony to loſe, falſe as dice, who undoe thoſe that truſt all they have to 'em.

Lucy. He has been a great bubble by his ſimiles as they ſay —— [*Aſide.*

Ali. You have been too merry Sir at your wedding dinner ſure.

Spar What d'y mock me too?

Ali. Or you have been deluded.

Spar. By you.

Ali. Let me underſtand you.

Spar. Have you the confidence, I ſhould call it ſomething elſe, ſince you know your guilt, to ſtand my juſt reproaches? you did not write an impudent Letter to Mr. *Horner*, who I find now has club'd with you in deluding me with his aver-

ſion

ſion for women, that I might not forſooth ſuſpect him for my Rival.

Lucy. D'y think the Gentleman can be jealous now Madam —— [*Aſide.*

Ali. I write a Letter to Mr. *Horner* !

Spar. Nay Madam, do not deny it, your Brother ſhew'd it me juſt now, and told me likewiſe he left you at *Horners* lodging to fetch a Parſon to marry you to him, and I wiſh you joy Madam, joy, joy, and to him too much joy, and to my ſelf more joy for not marrying you.

Ali. So I find my Brother would break off the match, and I can conſent to't, ſince I ſee this Gentleman can be made jealous. [*Aſide.*
O *Lucy*, by his rude uſage and jealouſie, he makes me almoſt afraid I am married to him, art thou ſure 'twas *Harcourt* himſelf and no Parſon that married us.

Spar. No Madam I thank you, I ſuppoſe that was a contrivance too of Mr. *Horners* and yours, to make *Harcourt* play the Parſon, but I would as little as you have him one now, no not for the world, for ſhall I tell you another truth, I never had any paſſion for you, 'till now, for now I hate you, 'tis true I might have married your portion, as other men of parts of the Town do ſometimes, and ſo your Servant, and to ſhew my unconcernedneſs, I'le come to your wedding, and reſign you with as much joy as I would a ſtale wench to a new Cully, nay with as much joy as I would after the firſt night, if I had been married to you, there's for you, and ſo your Servant, Servant. [*Exit* Spar.

Ali. How was I deceiv'd in a man !

Lucy. You'l believe then a fool may be made jealous now? for that eaſineſs in him that ſuffers him to be led by a Wife, will likewiſe permit him to be perſwaded againſt her by others.

Ali. But marry Mr. *Horner*, my brother does not intend it ſure ; if I thought he did, I would take thy advice, and Mr. *Harcourt* for my Husband, and now I wiſh, that if there be any over-wiſe woman of the Town, who like me would marry a

a fool, for fortune, liberty, or title, firſt that her huſband may love Play, and be a Cully to all the Town, but her, and ſuffer none but fortune to be miſtreſs of his purſe, then if for liberty, that he may ſend her into the Country under the conduct of ſome houſewifely mother-in law; and if for title, may the world give 'em none but that of Cuckold.

Lucy. And for her greater curſe Madam, may he not deſerve it.

Ali. Away impertinent —— is not this my old Lady *Lanterlus*?

Lucy. Yes Madam. [and here I hope we ſhall find Mr. *Harcourt* —— [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt* Ali. Lucy.

The Scene changes again to Horner's *Lodging.*

Horner, Lady Fidget, *Mrs.* Daynty Fidget, *Mrs.* Squeamiſh, *a Table, Banquet, and Bottles.*

Hor. A Pox they are come too ſoon —— before I have ſent back my new —— Miſtreſs, all I have now to do, is to lock her in, that they may not ſee her —— [*Aſide.*

La. Fid. That we may be ſure of our welcome, we have brought our entertainment with us, and are reſolv'd to treat thee, dear **Toad.**

Dayn. And that we may be merry to purpoſe, have left Sir *Jaſpar* and my old Lady *Squeamiſh* quarrelling at home at Baggammon.

Squeam. Therefore let us make uſe of our time, leſt they ſhould chance to interrupt us.

La. Fid. Let us ſit then.

Hor. Firſt that you may be private, let me lock this door, and that, and I'le wait upon you preſently.

La. Fid. No Sir, ſhut 'em only and your lips for ever, for we muſt truſt you as much as our women.

Hor. You know all vanity's kill'd in me, I have no occaſion for talking.

La. Fid. Now Ladies, ſuppoſing we had drank each of us our two Bottles, let us ſpeak the truth of our hearts.

Dayn. and *Squeam.* Agreed.

La. Fid. By this brimmer, for truth is no where elſe to be found, [Not in thy heart falſe man. [*Aſide to* Hor.

Hor. You have found me a true man I'm ſure. [*Aſide to Lady Fid.*

La. Fid. Not every way—— [*Aſide to* Hor.
But let us ſit and be merry.

Lady Fidget *ſings.*

1.

Why ſhould our damn'd Tyrants oblige us to live.
On the pittance of Pleaſure which they only give.
We muſt not rejoyce,
With Wine and with noiſe.
In vaine we muſt wake in a dull bed alone.
Whilſt to our warm Rival the Bottle, they're gone.
Then lay aſide charms,
And take up theſe arms * * The Glaſſes.

2.

'Tis Wine only gives 'em their Courage and Wit,
Becauſe we live ſober to men we ſubmit.
If for Beauties you'd paſs.
Take a lick of the Glaſs.
'Twill mend your complexions, and when they are gone,
The beſt red we have is the red of the Grape.
Then Siſters lay't on.
And dam a good ſhape.

Dayn. Dear Brimmer, well in token of our openneſs and plain dealing, let us throw our Maſques over our heads.

Hor. So 'twill come to the Glaſſes anon.

Squeam. Lovely Brimmer, let me enjoy him firſt.

La. Fid. No, I never part with a Gallant, till I've try'd him. Dear Brimmer that mak'ſt our Huſbands ſhort ſighted.

Dayn.

Dayn. And our baſhful gallants bold.

Squeam. And for want of a Gallant, the Butler lovely in our eyes, drink Eunuch.

La. Fid. Drink thou repreſentative of a Husband, damn a Husband.

Dayn. And as it were a Husband, an old keeper.

Squeam. And an old Grandmother.

Hor. And an Engliſh Bawd, and a French Chirurgion.

La. Fid. Ay we have all reaſon to curſe 'em.

Hor. For my ſake Ladies.

La. Fid. No, for our own, for the firſt ſpoils all young gallants induſtry.

Dayn. And the others art makes 'em bold only with common women.

Squeam. And rather run the hazard of the vile diſtemper amongſt them, than of a denial amongſt us.

Dayn. The filthy Toads chuſe Miſtreſſes now, as they do Stuffs, for having been fancy'd and worn by others.

Squeam. For being common and cheap.

La. Lid. Whilſt women of quality, like the richeſt Stuffs, lye untumbled, and unask'd for.

Hor. Ay neat, and cheap, and new often they think beſt.

Dayn. No Sir, the Beaſts will be known by a Miſtriſs longer than by a ſuit.

Squeam. And 'tis not for cheapneſs neither.

La. Fid. No, for the vain fopps will take up Druggets, and embroider 'em, but I wonder at the depraved appetites of witty men, they uſe to be out of the common road, and hate imitation, pray tell me beaſt, when you were a man, why you rather choſe to club with a multitude in a common houſe, for an entertainment, than to be the only gueſt at a good Table.

Hor. Why faith ceremony and expectation are unſufferable to thoſe that are ſharp bent, people always eat with the beſt ſtomach at an ordinary, where every man is ſnatching for the beſt bit.

La. Fid. Though he get a cut over the fingers —— but I have heard people eat moſt heartily of another man's meat, that is, what they do not pay for.

Hor. When they are ſure of their wellcome and freedome, for ceremony in love and eating, is as ridiculous as in fighting, falling on briskly is all ſhould be done in thoſe occaſions.

La. Fid. Well then let me tell you Sir, there is no where more freedome than in our houſes, and we take freedom from a young perſon as a ſign of good breeding, and a perſon may be as free as he pleaſes with us, as frolick, as gameſome, as wild as he will.

Hor. Han't I heard you all declaim againſt wild men.

La. Fid. Yes, but for all that, we think wildneſs in a man, as deſireable a quality, as in a Duck, or Rabbet; a tame man, foh.

Hor. I know not, but your Reputations frightned me, as much as your Faces invited me.

La. Fid. Our Reputation, Lord! Why ſhould you not think, that we women make uſe of our Reputation, as you men of yours, only to deceive the world with leſs ſuſpicion; our virtue is like the State-man's Religion, the Quakers Word, the Gameſters Oath, and the Great Man's Honour, but to cheat thoſe that truſt us.

Squeam. And that Demureneſs, Coyneſs, and Modeſty, that you ſee in our Faces in the Boxes at Plays, is as much a ſign of a kind woman, as a Vizard-mask in the Pit.

Dayn. For I aſſure you, women are leaſt mask'd, when they have the Velvet Vizard on.

La. Fid. You wou'd have found us modeſt women in our denyals only.

Squeam. Our baſhfulneſs is only the reflection of the Men's.

Dayn. We bluſh, when they are ſhame-fac'd.

Hor. I beg your pardon Ladies, I was deceiv'd in you deviliſhly, but why, that mighty pretence to Honour?

La. Fid. We have told you; but ſometimes 'twas for the ſame

ſame reaſon you men pretend buſineſs often, to avoid ill company, to enjoy the better, and more privately thoſe you love.

Hor. But why, wou'd you ne'er give a Friend a wink then?

La. Fid. Faith, your Reputation frightned us as much, as ours did you, you were ſo notoriouſly lewd.

Hor. And you ſo ſeemingly honeſt.

La. Fid. Was that all that deterr'd you?

Hor. And ſo expenſive—— you allow freedom you ſay.

La. Fid. Ay, ay.

Hor. That I was afraid of loſing my little money, as well as my little time, both which my other pleaſures required.

La. Fid. Money, foh——you talk like a little fellow now, do ſuch as we expect money?

Hor. I beg your pardon, Madam, I muſt confeſs, I have heard that great Ladies, like great Merchants, ſet but the higher prizes upon what they have, becauſe they are not in neceſſity of taking the firſt offer.

Dayn. Such as we, make ſale of our hearts?

Squeam. We brib'd for our Love? Foh.

Hor. With your pardon, Ladies, I know, like greeat men in Offices, you ſeem to exact flattery and attendance only from your Followers, but you have receivers about you, and ſuch fees to pay, a man is afraid to paſs your Grants; beſides we muſt let you win at Cards, or we loſe your hearts; and if you make an aſſignation, 'tis at a Goldſmiths, Jewellers, or China houſe, where for your Honour, you depoſit to him, he muſt pawn his, to the punctual Citt, and ſo paying for what you take up, pays for what he takes up.

Dayn. Wou'd you not have us aſſur'd of our Gallants Love?

Squeam. For Love is better known by Liberality, than by Jealouſie.

La. Fid. For one may be diſſembled, the other not—but my Jealouſie can be no longer diſſembled, and they are telling ripe: [*Aſide.*

Come

Come here's to our Gallants in waiting, whom we muſt name, and I'll begin, this is my falſe Rogue. { *Claps him on the back.*

Squeam. How!

Hor. So all will out now——

Squeam. Did you not tell me, 'twas for my ſake only, you reported your ſelf no man? [*Aſide to* Horner.

Dayn. Oh Wretch! did you not ſwear to me, 'twas for my Love, and Honour, you paſs'd for that thing you do? { *Aſide to* Horner.

Hor. So, ſo.

La. Fid. Come, ſpeak Ladies, this is my falſe Villain.

Squeam. And mine too.

Dayn. And mine.

Horn. Well then, you are all three my falſe Rogues too, and there's an end on't.

La. Fid. Well then, there's no remedy, Siſter Sharers, let us not fall out, but have a care of our Honour; though we get no Preſents, no Jewels of him, we are ſavers of our Honour, the Jewel of moſt value and uſe, which ſhines yet to the world unſuſpected, though it be counterfeit.

Hor. Nay, and is e'en as good, as if it were true, provided the world think ſo; for Honour, like Beauty now, only depends on the opinion of others.

La. Fid. Well Harry Common, I hope you can be true to three, ſwear, but 'tis no purpoſe, to require your Oath; for you are as often forſworn, as you ſwear to new women.

Hor. Come, faith Madam, let us e'en pardon one another, for all the difference I find betwixt we men, and you women, we forſwear our ſelves at the beginning of an Amour, you, as long as it laſts.

Enter Sir Jaſpar Fidget, *and old Lady* Squeamiſh.

Sir Jaſ. Oh my Lady *Fidget*, was this your cunning, to come to Mr. *Horner* without me; but you have been no where elſe I hope.

La. Fid. No, Sir *Jaſpar*.

Old La. Squeam. And you came ſtraight hither Biddy.

Squeam.

Squeam. Yes indeed, Lady Grandmother.

Sir Jaſ. 'Tis well, 'tis well, I knew when once they were throughly acquainted with poor *Horner*, they'd ne'er be from him; you may let her maſquerade it with my Wife, and *Horner*, and I warrant her Reputation ſafe.

Enter Boy.

Boy. O Sir, here's the Gentleman come, whom you bid me not ſuffer to come up, without giving you notice, with a Lady too, and other Gentlemen——

Hor. Do you all go in there, whil'ſt I ſend 'em away, and Boy, do you deſire 'em to ſtay below 'til I come, which ſhall be immediately.

Exeunt Sir Jaſpar, *Lad.* Squeam. *Lad.* Fidget, *Miſtris* Dainty, Squeamiſh.

Boy. Yes Sir. [*Exit.*

Exit Horner *at t'other door, and returns with Miſtris* Pinchwife.

Hor. You wou'd not take my advice to be gone home, before your Husband came back, he'll now diſcover all, yet pray my Deareſt be perſwaded to go home, and leave the reſt to my management, I'll let you down the back way.

Mrs. Pin. I don't know the way home, ſo I don't.

Hor. My man ſhall wait upon you.

Mrs. Pin. No, don't you believe, that I'll go at all; what are you weary of me already?

Hor. No my life, 'tis that I may love you long, 'tis to ſecure my love, and your Reputation with your Husband, he'll never receive you again elſe.

Mrs. Pin. What care I, d'ye think to frighten me with that? I don't intend to go to him again; you ſhall be my Huſband now.

Hor. I cannot be your Huſband, Deareſt, ſince you are married to him.

Mrs. Pin. O wou'd you make me believe that——don't I ſee every day at *London* here, women leave their firſt Husbands, and go, and live with other men as their Wives, piſh, pſhaw, you'd make me angry, but that I love you ſo mainly.

Hor.

Hor. So, they are coming up——In again, in, I hear 'em: [*Exit Miſtris* Pinchwife.

Well, a ſilly Miſtriſs, is like a weak place, ſoon got, ſoon loſt, a man has ſcarce time for plunder; ſhe betrays her Huſband, firſt to her Gallant, and then her Gallant, to her Huſband.

Enter Pinchwife, Alithea, Harcourt, Sparkiſh, Lucy, *and a Parſon.*

Mr. Pin. Come Madam, 'tis not the ſudden change of your dreſs, the confidence of your aſſeverations, and your falſe witneſs there, ſhall perſwade me, I did not bring you hither, juſt now; here's my witneſs, who cannot deny it, ſince you muſt be confronted——Mr. *Horner*, did not I bring this Lady to you juſt now?

Hor. Now muſt I wrong one woman for anothers ſake, but that's no new thing with me; for in theſe caſes I am ſtill on the criminal's ſide, againſt the innocent. [*Aſide.*

Alith. Pray, ſpeak Sir.

Hor. It muſt be ſo——I muſt be impudent, and try my luck, impudence uſes to be too hard for truth. [*Aſide.*

Mr. Pin. What, you are ſtudying an evaſion, or excuſe for her, ſpeak Sir.

Hor. No faith, I am ſomething backward only, to ſpeak in womens affairs or diſputes.

Mr. Pin. She bids you ſpeak.

Alith. Ay, pray Sir do, pray ſatisfie him,

Hor. Then truly, you did bring that Lady to me juſt now,

Mr. Pin. O ho——

Alith. How Sir——

Har. How, *Horner!*

Alith. What mean you Sir, I always took you for a man of Honour?

Hor. Ay, ſo much a man of Honour, that I muſt ſave my Miſtriſs, I thank you, come what will on't. [*Aſide.*

Spar. So if I had had her, ſhe'd have made me believe, the Moon had been made of a Chriſtmas pye.

Lucy. Now cou'd I ſpeak, if I durſt, and 'ſolve the Riddle, who am the Author of it. [*Aſide.*

Alith.

Alith. O unfortunate Woman! a combination againſt my Honour, which moſt concerns me now, becauſe you ſhare in my diſgrace, Sir, and it is your cenſure which I muſt now ſuffer, that troubles me, not theirs.

Har. Madam, then have no trouble, you ſhall now ſee 'tis poſſible for me to love too, without being jealous, I will not only believe your innocence my ſelf, but make all the world believe it——

Horner I muſt now be concern'd for this Ladies Honour. | *Apart to Horner.*

Hor. And I muſt be concern'd for a Ladies Honour too.

Har. This Lady has her Honour, and I will protect it.

Hor. My Lady has not her Honour, but has given it me to keep, and I will preſerve it.

Har. I underſtand you not

Hor. I wou'd not have you.

Mrs. Pin. What's the matter with 'em all.

[*Miſtreſs* Pinchwife *peeping in behind.*

Mr. Pin. Come, come, Mr. *Horner*, no more diſputing, here's the Parſon, I brought him not in vain.

Hor. No Sir, I'll employ him, if this Lady pleaſe.

Mr. Pin. How, what d'ye mean?

Spark. Ay, what does he mean?

Hor. Why, I have reſign'd your Siſter to him, he has my conſent.

Mr. Pin. But he has not mine Sir, a womans injur'd Honour, no more than a man's, can be repair'd or ſatisfied by any, but him that firſt wrong'd it; and you ſhall marry her preſently, or—— [*Lays his hand on his Sword.*

Enter to them Miſtreſs Pinchwife.

Miſtreſs Pin. O Lord, they'll kill poor Mr. *Horner*, beſides he ſhan't marry her, whileſt I ſtand by, and look on, I'll not loſe my ſecond Huſband ſo.

Mr. Pin. What do I ſee?

Alith. My Siſter in my cloaths!

Spark. Ha!

Mrs. Pin. Nay, pray now don't quarrel about finding work

for the Parſon, he ſhall marry me to Mr. *Horner*; for now I believe, you have enough of me. [*To Mr.* Pinchwife.

Hor. Damn'd, damn'd loving Changeling.

Mrs. Pin. Pray Siſter, pardon me for telling ſo many lyes of you.

Har. I ſuppoſe the Riddle is plain now.

Lucy. No, that muſt be my work, good Sir, hear me.

Kneels to Mr. Pinchwife, *who ſtands doggedly, with his hat over his eyes.*

Mr. Pin. I will never hear woman again, but make 'em all ſilent, thus—— [*Offers to draw upon his Wife.*

Hor. No, that muſt not be.

Mr. Pin. You then ſhall go firſt, 'tis all one to me.

Offers to draw on Hor. *ſtopt by* Harcourt.

Har. Hold——

Enter Sir Jaſpar Fidget, *Lady* Fidget, *Lady* Squeamiſh, *Mrs.* Dainty Fidget, *Mrs.* Squeamiſh.

Sir Jaſ. What's the matter, what's the matter, pray what's the matter Sir, I beſeech you communicate Sir.

Mr. Pin. Why my Wife has communicated Sir, as your Wife may have done too Sir, if ſhe knows him Sir——

Sir Jaſ. Pſhaw, with him, ha, ha, he.

Mr. Pin. D'ye mock me Sir, a Cuckold is a kind of a wild Beaſt, have a care Sir——

Sir Jaſ. No ſure, you mock me Sir——he cuckold you! it can't be, ha, ha, he, why, I'll tell you Sir. *Offers to whiſper.*

Mr. Pin. I tell you again, he has whor'd my Wife, and yours too, if he knows her, and all the women he comes near; 'tis not his diſſembling, his hypocriſie can wheedle me.

Sir Jaſ. How does he diſſemble, is he a Hypocrite? nay then——how——Wife——Siſter is he an Hypocrite?

Old La. Squeam. An Hypocrite, a diſſembler, ſpeak young Harlotry, ſpeak how?

Sir Jaſ. Nay then——O my head too——O thou libinous Lady!

Old

Old La. Squeam. O thou Harloting, Harlotry, haſt thou don't then?

Sir Jaſ. Speak good *Horner*, art thou a diſſembler, a Rogue? haſt thou——

Hor. Soh——

Lucy. I'll fetch you off, and her too, if ſhe will but hold her tongue. [*Apart to* Hor.

Hor. Canſt thou? I'll give thee—— [*Apart to* Luc.

Lucy to *Mr. Pin.* Pray have but patience to hear me Sir, who am the unfortunate cauſe of all this confuſion, your Wife is innocent, I only culpable; for I put her upon telling you all theſe lyes, concerning my Miſtreſs, in order to the breaking off the match, between Mr. *Sparkiſh* and her, to make way for Mr. *Harcourt*.

Spark. Did you ſo eternal Rotten-tooth, then it ſeems my Miſtreſs was not falſe to me, I was only deceiv'd by you, brother that ſhou'd have been, now man of conduct, who is a frank perſon now, to bring your Wife to her Lover—— ha——

Lucy. I aſſure you Sir, ſhe came not to Mr. *Horner* out of love, for ſhe loves him no more——

Mrs. Pin. Hold, I told lyes for you, but you ſhall tell none for me, for I do love Mr. *Horner* with all my ſoul, and no body ſhall ſay me nay; pray don't you go to make poor Mr. *Horner* believe to the contrary, 'tis ſpitefully done of you, I'm ſure.

Hor. Peace, Dear Ideot. [*Aſide to Mrs.* Pin.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, I will not peace.

Mr. Pin. Not 'til I make you.

Enter Dorilant, Quack.

Dor. Horner, your Servant, I am the Doctors Gueſt, he muſt excuſe our intruſion.

Quack. But what's the matter Gentlemen, for Heavens ſake, what's the matter?

Hor. Oh 'tis well you are come—'tis a cenſorious world we live in, you may have brought me a reprieve, or elſe I had died for a crime, I never committed, and theſe inno-

cent Ladies had ſuffer'd with me, therefore pray ſatisfie theſe worthy, honourable, jealous Gentlemen —— that —— [*Whiſpers.*

Quack. O I underſtand you, is that all —— Sir *Jaſper*, by heavens and upon the word of a Phyſician Sir, —— [*Whiſpers to Sir* Jaſper.

Sir Jaſ. Nay I do believe you truly —— pardon me my virtuous Lady, and dear of honour.

Old La. Squeam. What then all's right again.

Sir Jaſ. Ay, ay, and now let us ſatisfie him too. [*They whiſper with* Mr. Pinch.

Mr. Pin. An Eunuch! pray no fooling with me.

Quack. I'le bring half the Chirurgions in Town to ſwear it.

Mr. Pin. They —— they'l ſweare a man that bled to death through his wounds died of an Apoplexy.

Quack. Pray hear me Sir —— why all the Town has heard the report of him.

Mr. Pin. But does all the Town believe it.

Quack. Pray inquire a little, and firſt of all theſe.

Mr. Pin. I'm ſure when I left the Town he was the lewdeſt fellow in't.

Quack. I tell you Sir he has been in *France* ſince, pray ask but theſe Ladies and Gentlemen, your friend Mr. *Dorilant*, Gentlemen and Ladies, han't you all heard the late ſad report of poor Mr. *Horner*.

All Lad. Ay, ay, ay.

Dor. Why thou jealous Fool do'ſt thou doubt it, he's an errant French Capon.

Mrs. Pin. 'Tis falſe Sir, you ſhall not diſparage poor Mr. *Horner*, for to my certain knowledge ——

Lucy. O hold ——

Squeam. Stop her mouth —— [*Aſide to* Lucy.

Old La. Fid. Upon my honour Sir, 'tis as true. [*To* Pinch.

Dayn. D'y think we would have been ſeen in his company ——

Squeam. Truſt our unſpotted reputations with him!

Old La. Fid. This you get, and we too, by truſting your ſecret

ſecret to a fool —— [*Aſide to* Hor.

Hor. Peace Madam, —— well Doctor is not this a good deſign that carryes a man on unſuſpected, and brings him off ſafe. —— [*Aſide to* Quack.

Mr. Pin. Well, if this were true, but my Wife —— [*Aſide*

[Dorilant *whiſpers with Mrs.* Pinch.

Ali. Come Brother your Wife is yet innocent you ſee, but have a care of too ſtrong an imagination, leaſt like an over-concern'd timerous Gameſter by fancying an unlucky caſt it ſhould come, Women and Fortune are trueſt ſtill to thoſe that truſt 'em.

Lucy. And any wild thing grows but the more fierce and hungry for being kept up, and more dangerous to the Keeper.

Ali. There's doctrine for all Husbands Mr. *Harcourt.*

Har. I edifie Madam ſo much, that I am impatient till I am one.

Dor. And I edifie ſo much by example I will never be one.

Eew. And becauſe I will not diſparage my parts I'le ne're be one.

Hor. And I alaſs can't be one.

Mr. Pin. But I muſt be one —— againſt my will to a Country-Wife, with a Country-murrain to me.

Mrs. Pin. And I muſt be a Country Wife ſtill too I find, for I can't like a City one, be rid of my muſty Husband and doe what I liſt. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Now Sir I muſt pronounce your Wife Innocent, though I bluſh whilſt I do it, and I am the only man by her now expos'd to ſhame, which I will ſtraight drown in Wine, as you ſhall your ſuſpition, and the Ladies troubles we'l divert with a Ballet, Doctor where are your Maskers.

Lucy. Indeed ſhe's Innocent Sir, I am her witneſs, and her end of coming out was but to ſee her Siſters Wedding, and what ſhe has ſaid to your face of her love to Mr. *Horner* was but the uſual innocent revenge on a Husbands jealouſie, was it not Madam ſpeak ——

Mrs. Pin. Since you'l have me tell more lyes —— | *Aſide to* Lucy *and* Horner.

Yes

Yes indeed Budd.

Mr. Pin. For my own ſake fain I wou'd all believe.
Cuckolds like Lovers ſhou'd themſelves deceive.

But —— ſighs ——

His honour is leaſt ſafe, (too late I find)
Who truſts it with a fooliſh Wife or Friend.

A Dance of Cuckolds.

Hor. Vain Fopps, but court, and dreſs, and keep a puther,
To paſs for Womens men, with one another.
But he who aimes by women to be priz'd,
Firſt by the men you ſee muſt be deſpis'd.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE ſpoken by Mr. *Hart:*

NOw you the Vigorous, who dayly here
O're Vizard-Mask, in publick domineer,
And what you'd doe to her if in Place where;
Nay have the confidence, to cry come out,
Yet when ſhe ſays lead on, you are not ſtout;
But to your well-dreſt Brother ſtraight turn round
And cry, Pox on her Ned, *ſhe can't be ſound:*
Then ſlink away, a freſh one to ingage,
With ſo much ſeeming heat and loving Rage,
You'd frighten liſtning Actreſs on the Stage:
Till ſhe at laſt has ſeen you huffing come,
And talk of keeping in the Tyreing-Room,
Yet cannot be provok'd to lead her home:
Next you Fallſtaffs *of fifty, who beſet*
Your Buckram Maidenheads, which your friends get;
And whilſt to them, you of Atchievements boaſt,
They ſhare the booty, and laugh at your coſt.
In fine, you Eſſens't Boyes, both Old and Young,
Who wou'd be thought ſo eager, briſk, and ſtrong,
Yet do the Ladies, not their Husbands, wrong:
Whoſe Purſes for your manhood make excuſe,
And keep your Flanders Mares for ſhew, not uſe;
Encourag'd by our Womans Man to day,
A Horners *part may vainly think to Play;*
And may Intreagues ſo baſhfully diſown
That they may doubted be by few or none,
May kiſs the Cards at Picquet, Hombre, —— Lu,
And ſo be thought to kiſs the Lady too;
But Gallants, have a care faith, what you do.
The World, which to no man his due will give,
You by experience know you can deceive,
And men may ſtill believe you Vigorous,
But then we Women, —— there's no cous'ning us.

FINIS.